

THE GRENADA SENTINEL.

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NUMBER 7.

S. M. NEAL INSTANTLY KILLED BY TRAIN

Number Four Strikes New Ford Touring Car at Crossing at Elliott Station Monday Afternoon. Body Completely Dismembered. Prominent Merchant and Good Citizen Gone to His Reward. Funeral Tuesday Morning.

A deplorable accident occurred Monday afternoon at 4:45 o'clock at Elliott Station, when Illinois Central fast train number 4 struck a new Ford touring car driven by S. M. Neal, killing him instantly. The accident happened on the crossing just north of the station at Elliott about seventy-five yards. The train was ten minutes late and was traveling about its usual speed passing the station.

The stories told by eye witnesses all agree. It seems that Mr. Neal had just left his store (which is about one hundred feet west of the crossing, to come to Grenada and to reach the gravelled highway he had to cross the tracks. He evidently lost his presence of mind when he saw the train so close upon him for his car stopped with the front wheels just touching the track. One witness stated that Mr. Neal was looking to the north all the time until about ten feet from the crossing when he turned and saw the train, coming from the south, bearing down upon him. He evidently threw on his brakes but too late.

The view of the tracks to the south for at least a quarter of a mile was unobstructed to his vision when he was thirteen feet from the crossing and had he looked in the direction the train was coming from, he would have had time to have stopped his car. The left side of the pilot struck the car throwing it up in the air and Mr. Neal's body was dragged for at least three hundred yards. It was completely dismembered and pieces were scattered for a distance of several hundred feet.

The train, in charge of Conductor Corder and Engineer Norton, stopped after it had gone about train length and a half, and the crew assisted in picking up the body.

The dead man was one of the good citizens of Grenada County. He was in the grocery and mercantile business at Elliott and had always been known as being thoroughly reliable and trustworthy in every matter. He was unostentatious and unobtrusive and devoted his time and attention to his own affairs and his own business. He was devoted to his family and was a kind and loving husband and a tender and considerate father.

The funeral services were conducted at 11 o'clock Tuesday morning at Odd Fellows' Cemetery by Rev. Guy D. Burt, pastor of the Methodist Church, at Duck Hill, who paid a beautiful tribute to the deceased and his body was laid to rest to await the Resurrection.

Mr. Neal was about 37 years of age and was a member of the Methodist Church. Besides his wife and four children, two boys and two girls, he is survived by other relatives, to all of whom The Sentinel tenders its sincere sympathy.

MILKING CONTEST WILL DRAW BEST COW FROM MANY HERDS

One Grenada County cow returned a profit above the cost of her feed, (during the month of April) of \$20.38. This cow is one of the "better Jerseys" that were brought from Tennessee last spring.

There are at least twenty cows which are considered "the best cow in the county" by their owners. They are all said to be worthy candidates for the prizes in the North Mississippi fair. They are all returning profits to their owners each month.

The "Milking Contest" which has been outlined by the development men of the Illinois Central railroad, under the supervision of H. J. Schwietert and local dairymen is growing in popularity. While no limit has been set as to number of cows which may be entered, there is some question as to enough barn rooming, if all the cows are entered whose owners are consider it.

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Engineer Asks Public to Assist

S. A. Law Asks Co-operation With Railways in Careful Crossing Campaign. Gives Viewpoint of Engineer as to Crossing Accidents. A Splendid Appeal.

The following letter, written by Mr. S. A. Law, one of the best known engineers on this division of the Illinois Central Railroad, asks the aid of The Sentinel in spreading the "Careful Crossing" propaganda which all the railways of the country are endeavoring to keep constantly before the attention of the public. The letter covers the subject so thoroughly that it is being published just as received, as follows:

Memphis, Tennessee
July 2nd, 1923.
Mr. G. M. Lawrence,
Grenada Sentinel,
Grenada, Miss.

Dear Sir:
On account of the numerous and fatal accidents that are occurring daily on grade crossings, the American Railway Association has inaugurated a "Careful Crossing" campaign to extend through June, July and August.

You have ridden on the engine and you know how we feel about striking automobiles and other vehicles on grade crossings. We have the best track and the best engines and cars that money can buy or produce and we are making every effort we can to reduce accidents on grade crossings to a minimum, but we cannot keep our people from rushing headlong onto the crossing and I just thought after you had ridden in the engine cab and heard the warning whistle and bell sounded at these crossings and know how anxious we are to avoid these accidents if you would convey these thoughts or sentiments to the people in your territory it might have the desired effect and cause them to stop and look before crossing the railroad.

I am sending you some figures that will show the number of accidents which have occurred in the past five years, also number of persons killed and injured. You, no doubt, have read many stories of conquests of hunters after large game. They always say there is something pathetic to be in at the death even of the wild animals. Just think then, or imagine if if you can, how an engineer feels when he witnesses the death agonies of people he has struck unavoidably on the railroad crossings.

Spread the propaganda and give it as much publicity as possible and let's try and educate our people to look out for the crossings.

According to present statistics there are yet 756 persons to be killed on road crossings this year. Let this be a warning to you and don't allow yourself to be one of this number.

Yours truly,
S. A. LAW,
Engineer I. C. R. R.

ESCAPED CONVICT CAPTURED AT SCOBEY

Guy Edrington, sentenced to the penitentiary from Hattiesburg for two years for passing worthless checks, was captured at Scobey last Friday by Sheriff Dogan and was taken back to prison Monday of this week by state authorities.

Edrington was arrested on complaint of T. G. James, Jr., of Charleston, who became suspicious of his labor activities among the negroes, and he was brought to Grenada and lodged in jail. Mr. James telephoned to J. C. Garner, night policeman in Grenada, concerning Edrington and Mr. Garner promptly notified the sheriff as the case was out of his jurisdiction.

After he was brought to Grenada, Edrington was recognized by Mr. Garner and others who had known him when he resided some miles east of Grenada and was frequently in town. After considerable questioning, the prisoner admitted that he had escaped from Rankin Farm and had still eight months of his two years' sentence to serve. The penitentiary authorities were notified and Edrington was taken back to Jackson Monday by the traveling penitentiary sergeant.

ELECTION GOES FOR PAVING BY VOTE OF OVER 2 TO 1

190 For and 89 Against. Little Interest Manifested and Light Vote Cast. Some Observations of Those on Both Sides.

The election held in the City of Grenada last Saturday, June 30, for the purpose of ascertaining the wish of the electorate as to paving certain streets and issuing time certificates to the amount of \$60,000.00 to pay for same, resulted in an affirmative vote by 190 to 89. Little interest was manifested in the election. Even those who doubted the wisdom of placing an additional debt on the taxpayers of the town made no effort whatever to defeat the proposition.

To begin with, it was almost universally conceded that Main street ought to have something done with it. It is carefully worked several times every year and oiled, yet it is full of holes more than half the time and one of the most disagreeable streets of the town to drive on. The matter of the cost of oiling as compared to the cost of paving entered into the issue, and many held that the paving would be cheaper in the long run.

Had the proposition been one of simply graveling Main street to Second and then Second, or South street, westward to the Jefferson Davis Highway, the adverse vote would doubtless have been less than half what it was. Still in the last analysis, the determining factor was the matter of the cost of oiling as compared to paving. The oiling needs to be done every year and appears to be costing a little more each year, whereas the paving will be permanent and it is figured that the interest on the money required to do the paving will be less than the annual cost of oiling. The city pays one third of the cost, that is it is figured that way, but as a matter of fact, when the street crossings are considered, the city pays more than one third; thus it can readily be seen what the total cost will be on this basis.

When these streets are paved, only a very small per cent of the streets of the town will be relieved of the necessity of oiling, and the individual property owners on the other streets will have to go down into their jeans to fight the dust as usual unless some other plans are adopted in the meantime by the city administration.

If the paving proves to be all that is claimed, it may be that there are other streets that will ask for the same thing. Of course the work of paving had to begin somewhere. It will add to the beauty of the streets and of course to the value of the property located thereon. Grenada prides herself on being the City

LOVORN-PARKER

On last Saturday evening at eight o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. McCaslin in Grenada, Mr. Roane Lovorn was united in marriage to Miss Iris Parker, Rev. Melville Johnson, pastor of the Methodist Church, saying the ceremony. Only a few friends and close relatives of the bride and groom were present and the wedding came as a surprise to many.

Mr. Lovorn was reared in Calhoun County, being the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Lovorn, prominent citizens of Calhoun County, but has been in Grenada the past fourteen months in the employ of Grenada Motor Motor Co. He has made a host of friends since his residence here and has come to be known for his energy and diligence in his duties.

His bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Parker, another splendid family of Calhoun County. She is an exceptionally attractive and gracious young woman and has had that training since childhood that is necessary if one would be skilled in the duties of home.

The couple left Sunday to spend a short while in Jackson and Clinton and are making their home in Grenada with Mrs. J. M. Windham.

The Sentinel extends congratulations and best wishes.

Mrs. Raphael Semmes will be given a free ticket good July 12, to "Sherlock Holmes," starring John Barrymore, which will be shown at Grenada Opera House, Thursday and Friday, July 12-13 if she will call at the Opera House.

Beautiful and the paving mapped out will only add another reason for the town being known as the cleanest, prettiest town in the State. Now that the matter has been determined on, let the very best character paving be done and let true Grenadians close up ranks and march on to better things and to aid in making the paving a success from every viewpoint.

In connection with voting the time certificates, or bonds, for the paving it will perhaps not be amiss to record here just a few expressions a Sentinel representative picked up in hearing something of the very little discussion about the matter prior to the election.

For example those for the proposition said something like this:

"I cannot understand the viewpoint of one who opposes such a forward step. It will mean the saving of thousands of dollars and will add so much to the beauty of our town."

From another: "If we allow this defeated, we cannot expect to get anything progressive going in Grenada for a long while."

From another: "Of course there are always some kickers or objectors. Had we listened to them, we would have had no water works, no sewerage, no electric lights and no granite sidewalks."

From those against the proposition:

"Mighty good time to do without those things which are not absolute necessities. The proposition, if it carries, means higher taxes. The whole country is in a strain now over debt."

From another: "Many people vote to issue bonds who pay no taxes outside of their poll tax, and possibly a few dollars on some personality, and who can pick up and leave the community, taking all their belongings in 24 hours."

From another: "The voting of bonds means just adding another mortgage to our property. We are mortgaged now by the city, by the county and by the State besides our National debt; it may be that pay day will come some day. Mighty good idea to go slow on contracting further debts. Pay as you go is a mighty good business motto."

But, as the Rev. Jim Bates, the humorous and well known Methodist minister in this section something like forty years ago said, "It would not do for everybody to think alike, if they did, everybody would have wanted my wife."

GRENADA COUNTY HAS AN ACCOMMODATING AND EFFICIENT CIRCUIT CLERK IN PERSON OF V. R. JAMES

Read the following letter written to him by Mr. A. F. Gardner of Greenwood, one of the most prominent attorneys in the State:

COLUMBUS & GREENVILLE
RAILROAD COMPANY
A. T. Stovall, Receiver
Law Department

A. F. Gardner,
General Counsel for Receiver
Greenwood, Miss.
Feb. 28th, 1923.

Mr. V. R. James,
Circuit Clerk,
Grenada, Miss.

Dear Mr. James:
Your reply to our letter to you of recent date has just been received. While it does not call for reply, yet you have been so exceedingly kind in your answer, that I am taking the liberty of writing you to express my appreciation. Such thoughtfulness and kindness as that shown by you in your letter to my firm is certainly appreciated. I had no right to expect such a full and complete answer, and you have no idea how much satisfaction I have gotten out of your letter, because I understand the situation now fully.

I hope that you will be a candidate for re-election, and that I may have an opportunity to write my friends in your county to give you their assistance.

I hope that I am not presuming too much in writing you this. With

Why Democrats Ought Help Mike

Rabid Article in Vardaman's Weekly of June 28 Bitterly Attacks Candidate Who is Doing Most Fighting Against Vardaman — Russellites. Full of Untruths.

From Vardaman's Weekly of June 28, the following is clipped in regard to Mike Conner which ought to be a mighty good reason for good, real fighting Democrats rallying to Conner's standard to a man. A more utter disregard of the truth as to a man's record and as to the newspapers could hardly be crowded in as little space:

Conner's campaign started with the filing of the Birkhead suit by the Insurance Trusts. The appointment of a half dozen carefully selected committees stacked for political purposes in conjunction with the above named suit and accompanied by an unprecedented drive of the corrupt prostitute press of the state and surrounding states, were all links in the same chain with the same ultimate end in view—the breaking down of the dominant political faction by the destruction of its governor and the emasculation of the Revenue agent's office.

Young Conner by environment and education has been specially fitted to serve this gang of political buccaners. He has been serving them to the very best of his ability since he was first elected speaker. The purpose this gang of predatory thieves wish to accomplish is to shift the taxes from the shoulders of the large property holders to the backs of the man who works for a living, to repeal our anti trust laws and turn the people of the state over to the predatory interests to be fleeced by them. They want the free schools and other free institutions of the state diverted from their original purpose of serving the people to serving the grafters.

The gang of predatory thieves and tax dodgers supporting Conner never tell the people what they really wish to do but claim to want one thing when they really wish to do something else.

This is really a contest between humanity and mammon. Aligned with Conner is the subsidized press which never intentionally tells the truth, a great many organizations which were organized for some other purposes, most of the high priced preachers whose jobs depend upon their support of the agents of Mammon, every tax dodger and every timber thief in the state.

Elect this man and put this gang in control of your state and you will turn the wheels of progress back fifty years.

CONNER'S FRIENDS IN SIXTH DISTRICT MEET

Gulfport, Miss., July 2—Friends and supporters of Sennett Conner, candidate for governor of Mississippi met at Hattiesburg yesterday to canvass the situation in the Sixth congressional district and make campaign plans to cover the period between now and the first primary, August 7.

More than a hundred were present at the meeting and pronounced enthusiasm was the keynote of the meeting. From every section of the district the most satisfactory reports were made, indicating that Mr. Conner is in the lead in this congressional district at this time and is growing stronger day by day. Mr. Conner himself was not present at the meeting as he was filling engagements in Adams county.

Those present at the meeting from the Coast were Fred Burgess of Biloxi and R. L. Simpson, Geo. M. Foote, Hanun Gardner, Calvin W. Byrd and John C. Simpson of Gulfport.

Pascagoula's delegation missed connections and was prevented from attending. Telegrams from all over the district poured in on the meeting throughout the day conveying expressions of good will and assurances of support. The slogan of the meeting was "A majority in the old sixth district for Mike Conner over all."

kindest regards, I am,

Yours very truly,
(Signed) A. F. GARDNER

REVISED SURVEY LESS EXPENSIVE

Estimates Made by Highway Department on Two Surveys Between Grenada and Calhoun City Show Route by Williamsville Will Cost Grenada County Less. Each Route Has Many Advocates. Letters Published by Request.

The following letters, which are published by request, show that, of the two proposed routes for the hard-surfaced road between Grenada and Calhoun City, the road via Williamsville will cost Grenada County \$37,542.04 less than the one as originally surveyed. There are those who are advocating that the work go ahead as first contemplated and there are others who are strongly contending for the route via Williamsville. The board of supervisors expects to let the contract on August 11 for the original survey and the work will proceed unless an injunction is secured by those who are advocating the other route. The letters follow:

MISSISSIPPI STATE HIGHWAY
DEPARTMENT
H. C. Dietzer
State Highway Engineer
Jackson, Miss.
Pontotoc, Miss.
June 22, 1923.

Mr. W. O. Lawrence,
Calhoun City, Miss.
Dear Mr. Lawrence:

I am in receipt of a letter from Mr. Dietzer, state highway engineer, as of June 21st, which is self-explanatory.

For your information I am mailing you a copy of this letter and will ask that you kindly advise me as to whether or not they shall go ahead completing the plans, and oblige.

Yours very truly
(Signed) W. A. BOONE
State Highway Commissioner.

June 21, 1923.
Hon. W. A. Boone,
State Highway Commissioner,
Pontotoc, Miss.

Dear Mr. Boone:
I have just returned from Washington and the first thing I find is your letter of the 14th, inst. attached to an estimate.

I understand that the plans for the Sabogla survey have been completed in the pencil stage and the following estimates have been made:

Cost of Original Survey
Grenada County.....\$84,475.05
Calhoun County..... 25,761.71

Total.....110,236.76

Revision
Grenada County.....\$46,933.01
Calhoun County..... 71,404.59

Total.....118,337.60

You will note from the above that it is considerably less expense to Grenada County to build according to the revised survey, but that it increases the cost in Calhoun County by approximately \$45,000.00. I am submitting these figures to you to speak for themselves, but believe that these figures prove the Sabogla route to be impracticable.

No move will be made towards inking the plans in until we hear from you further.

Very sincerely,
(Signed) H. C. DIETZER,
State Highway Engineer

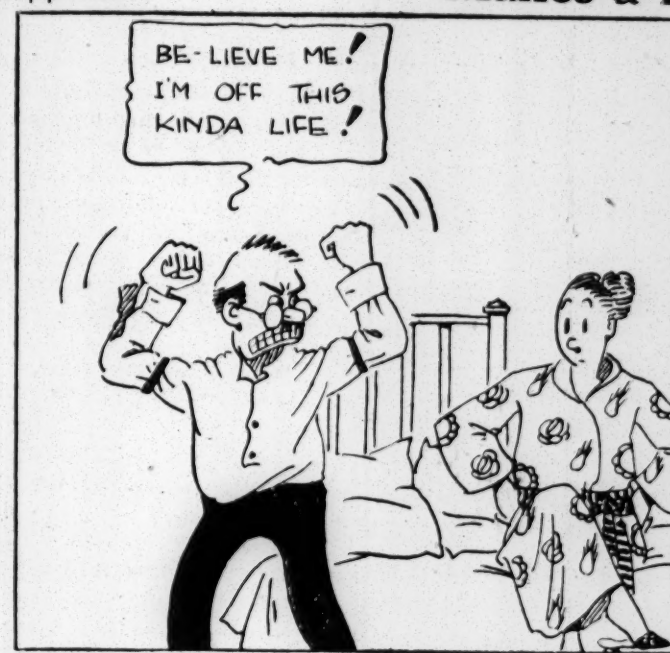
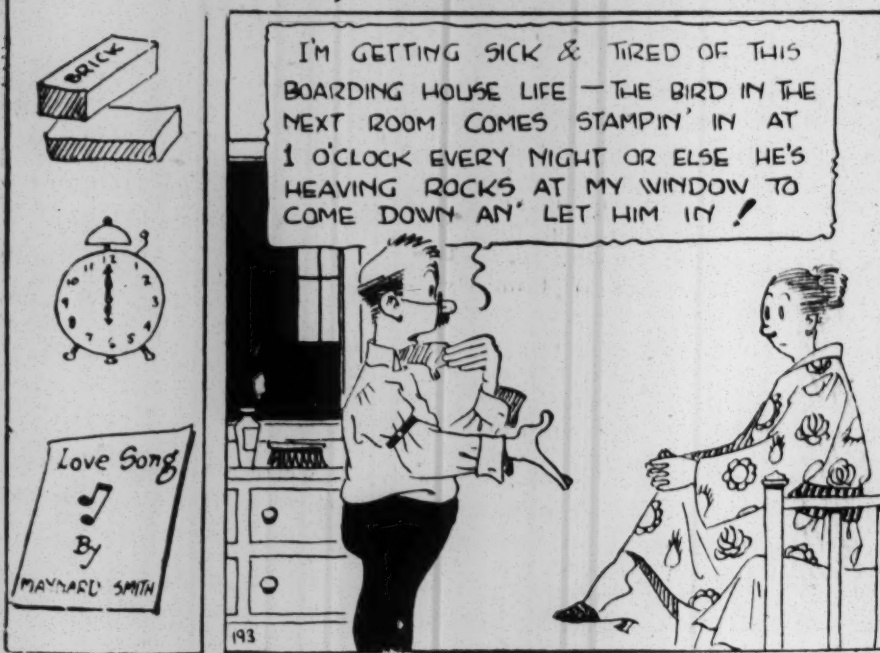
HON. B. G. HUMPHREYS
TO ADDRESS

Hon. B. G. Humphreys of Greenville, a member of Congress and one of the leaders in the body, will address the directors of the bank next Monday morning, July 9, at 10:30 o'clock, in the directors room of the bank. This is extended to hear Mr. Humphreys and to have the opportunity should as he is one of the prominent men in the State, as an eloquent speaker.

Officers and Members
Lodge No. 1
A. M.

It is extremely important that we have a full meeting July 9th. Please come. T. E. city

AW, WHAT'S THE USE

GALLEY 4
TRUSTEE'S NOTICE OF SALE.

Whereas, Mat Arnold and his wife, L. A. Arnold, did on the 25th day of November 1921 execute and deliver to the undersigned as Trustee a deed of trust on the land herein-after described, to secure certain indebtedness therein mentioned, to the Bank of Holcomb, which deed of trust is of record in Book 58 at Page 365 of the records of mortgages on land in Grenada County, State of Mississippi, and which deed of trust was a renewal of a deed of trust from the same parties to the Bank of Holcomb of date December 21st, 1920, recorded in Book 58 at Page 216 of the record of land mortgages of Grenada County, Mississippi, and which last mentioned deed of trust was a renewal of a deed of trust from the same parties to the Bank of Holcomb of date January 17th, 1920, recorded in Book 58 at Page 143 of the record of land mortgages of Grenada County, Mississippi; and whereas the last mentioned deed of trust of date January 17th, 1920 described the land therein conveyed as follows: "The following land in the County of Grenada, Mississippi, viz: West half of the southeast quarter and northeast quarter of the southwest quarter of Sec. 17, Township 21, Range 3 east, Intending to convey hereunder all land we or any of us own therein whether herein described or not;" and whereas the grantors therein did at the date of the execution and delivery of said deed of trust own the following land in said Grenada County, Mississippi, to-wit: Northeast quarter of northeast quarter of Sec. 7, Township 21, Range 3 east; which last described subdivision of land the beneficiary and the grantors in said deed of trust expected and intended to be conveyed in said deed of trust, and which under the provisions of said deed of trust was embraced in and therein conveyed; and which lands were embraced in and properly described in the subsequent renewals of said deed of trust. And whereas the indebtedness secured by said above deed of trust is past due and unpaid, and having been requested by the owner and holder of said indebtedness secured by said deed of trust to execute the trust contained therein: Notice is hereby given that I will as such Trustee, on the 28th day of July 1923, offer for sale and sell at the east door of the court house in the City of Grenada, Grenada County, State of Mississippi, within legal hours, at public outcry, to the highest bidder for cash the following described real estate to-wit:

West half of southeast quarter and northeast quarter of southwest quarter of Section 17, Township 21, Range 3 east, and northeast quarter of northeast quarter of Section 7 Township 21 Range 3 east, in Grenada County, State of Mississippi.

Title to said property is believed to be good but I will convey only such title as is vested in me as such trustee.

This the 2nd day of July, A. D. 1923.

B. C. ADAMS,
7-6-41-12 Trustee

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Supervisors of Grenada County, Miss., at the office of the Chancery Clerk, Grenada, until 11:00 o'clock A. M. Saturday, August 11, 1923 and at that time publicly opened for Federal aid project No. 147, the same being a part of State Trunk Road No. between Grenada and Calhoun City.

The length of road to be improved or constructed is 7.672 miles and the principal items of work are approximately as follows:

11.87 cires Clearing and Grubbing
25254 cu yds Common Excavation.
70644 cu yds Borrow Excavation
245.0 ft 18" T. S. V. C. Pipe
412.7 cu yds Class "A" Concrete
in cures
16.6 cu yds Class "C" Concrete in

culverts
41692.0 lbs. Reinforcing steel in culverts
7.672 miles Bermuda sod
BRIDGES
485.83 cu yds Class "A" Concrete
52690.0 lbs. Reinforcing steel
768.0 lin ft Foundation piling
249444.0 ft B M Creosoted lumber
12640.0 ft B M Untreated lumber
10984.0 lin ft Creosoted piling
201.5 sq yds Concrete paving
561.0 cu yds Gravel, 1 mile haul
17776.9 units Gravel, 1/2 mile over haul
308.0 lin ft Concrete railing
1.0 100 ft Steel span complete except floor.

Plans and specifications are on file in the office of the State Highway Engineer at Jackson and in the office of the Chancery Clerk, in the Court House, Grenada, Miss.

Any additional information may be secured from the State Highway Engineer, Jackson, Miss. The right to reject any or all bids is reserved. Cash or certified check for \$5,000.00 made payable to Board of Supervisors of Grenada County must accompany each bid as evidence of good faith and as a guarantee that if awarded contract, the bidder will execute the contract and give bond as required.

H. C. DIETZER,
7-6-41 State Highway Engineer

BABSON SAYS AUTOMOBILE
GREATEST FACTOR

Albany, N. Y., June 30.—Roger W. Babson was today asked what is the greatest factor with which the banker, manufacturer, and merchant must reckon during the next 20 years. He at once answered, "automobiles." His complete statement is as follows: "We all marvel at the great growth of the automobile industry capital invested, the men employed, and the auxiliary lines which have developed on account of automobiles. Some of us try to figure what this capital and these men would be doing today if it were not for automobiles—how many more homes there would be—how much more railroad mileage, etc. Very few, however, have realized that automobiles are entirely changing the fundamental character of our children and this in turn may revolutionize many industries."

Work and Play on Wheels
"When we were children a ten-mile drive was a considerable trip. A hundred and fifty miles was a great journey for which we would prepare for weeks. Many of us never traveled that far until we were grown up. Today, however, the situation is very different. Young children will go a hundred and fifty miles for a Sunday drive. Our young people use automobiles to go to the store, and to go to church. It has become a necessity. We are raising a generation which will actually work and play on wheels."

"This cannot help but greatly develop certain industries and harm others. At present the automobile is greatly helping the building industry because of the millions of people moving from the cities to the suburbs and country. After, however, this exodus has been completed, the building industry will fall flat. Why?—because instead of a young married couple now saving for a little home—they save for a car—or rather they buy a car on credit. Less money will be spent upon clothing than otherwise would and a different kind of clothing will be in demand. New diseases will develop and a change in diet will be necessary. A generation on wheels must eat much more fruit and fresh vegetables than a generation which walks."

"Every business man should study the problem and ask himself how his business will be effected when a generation lives which almost never walks. The road builders will greatly benefit; but the shoe dealers must suffer. With a given population, less produced by a generation on wheels than by a former generation which did not know the automobile. If less is produced, there will be less to divide. This means that many people must go without

other things if they insist on having automobiles, and my guess is that they will so insist."

Automobile Industry Here to Stay

"I believe in the permanence of the automobile industry—although, of course, many small manufacturers will be crowded out and 1924 may see an over-production of cars. The industry as a whole, however, is stable and is here to stay. The difficulty is coming when the man who now buys on credit, and assesses his employer to pay the bill, can no longer do this. Most industries will stand such an assessment once; but very few industries can stand such an assessment continually. The laborer whom you are now paying \$25 a week can buy his first car and can assess you to pay for it by demanding \$30 per week instead of \$25. But can he assess you for his second or third car; and can his children do the same thing? Frankly, I do not know. Only the future can tell."

"The automobile industry is largely responsible for the condition of business today. The fact that the Balgobart stands at 1 per cent above normal compared with 17 per cent below a year ago is due largely to the automobile industry. When one considers that during the first six months of 1923 most of states will show as many new registrations as during all of 1922—it is remarkable that business has not boomed more."

The only answer is that people have bought automobiles instead of buying something else—that is, the sales of other things have fallen off correspondingly. The Law of Action and Reaction is absolute. Now what will be the reaction of a new generation which knows not the joy of walking?"

ABOUT DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

Where They Got Their Names—Some History.

From "Fireside Science" by Ransom Sutton in the New Orleans Daily States, the following is reproduced:

To tell of the advantages mankind has derived from the domestication of animals would fill a book. That is not our present purpose. From what wild stock did our tamed animals spring? What were they like when man made them his servants? These are the questions which, so far as possible, we shall try to answer.

Dogs—The first species mankind tamed. With the bones of men of the old stone age bones of dogs have been found, showing that dogs were domesticated some 25,000 years ago. From the fierce holes of India, the jackals of Africa, the pariahs of Persia, the dingoes of Australia and the wolves of America (all of which are capable of interbreeding) different breeds of dogs have sprung. Due to cross-breeding between varieties, modern varieties have been developed. If all the tamed breeds should be carried off by an epidemic, they could again be created out of the wild stock.

Horses—Tamed by barbarians, probably Aryans. During Eocene time the ancestor of the horse had five toes and was about the size of a jack-rabbit. Many skeletons have been found in different countries, the richest finds being in Wyoming. In North America horses became extinct during the ice age. The "wild horses" of the Americans were descendants of horses brought over by the Spaniards, which escaped from their masters and went wild. Such animals are called "feral," meaning "run wild." Pliocene horses were very like zebras, and in every herd of horses today throw-backs are found with the zebra's stripes showing dimly upon them.

Cattle—Domesticated by the Neolithic races some twenty thousand years ago. British and American breeds descended from the wild aurochs of Europe, the American descendants having become extinct during the ice age. Careful selection by man has produced the modern varieties. The hump-backed breeds of India and Africa probably sprang from the wild gaurs, which are still hunted in the foothills of the Himalayas. Tibetan cattle came from yaks. The American buffalo's flesh enabled the building of the transcontinental railroads, otherwise from it, if anyone had taken the trouble, a dozen breeds of cattle might have been developed. There were more herds less than a century ago than there are individual buffaloes now in existence. When Buffalo Bill was a hero, whole herds were wantonly shot down for a few pounds of flesh. **Asses**—Domesticated during Biblical times. Their ancestors were very

like quaggas. A cross between a jackass and a mare is a sterile mule, while a cross between a stallion and a jenny, a female ass, is a sterile hinny. The marked differences between a mule and a jenny have been of great interest to students of heredity, for in disposition and physiognomy, the offspring of the mare and ass is surprisingly different from the offspring of the stallion and female ass. It is thought that human hybrids differ in like manner, the child of a white man and Mongolian woman being very unlike the child of a Mongolian man and a white woman.

Sheep—Dating from Neolithic times. All the varieties sprang from wild sheep, some of which remain in the wild state among the mountains of the world. The wild sheep are supposed to have branched away from a common stock and spread over land bridges into all the continents during the early Miocene time, acquiring peculiar characteristics in segregated regions. Unique breeds are produced even yet by crossing domesticated varieties.

Hogs—Domesticated some time after wild dogs were tamed, probably forty thousand years ago. Remains have been unearthed with the bones of cave men. American and European breeds go back to the wild boars of Europe, and Asiatic varieties to the wild stock of India. From wart hogs in Africa, and peccaries in South America, remotely related sub-races have been developed. Quite recently, as the result of crossing varieties, the well known Poland China and Chester White breeds were produced in Pennsylvania, the latter being named after Chester county.

Goats—Closely related to sheep, were domesticated during Babylonian times. Prof. Thomson says: "Let him who talks glibly of separating the sheep from the goats essay his hand at the attempt, and he will find that he has undertaken a task several times too large for him. The lines of goat descent lead back to creatures indistinguishable from the wild ancestors of sheep at least so far as I have been able to follow the lines. The existing wild goat of Asia Minor and Persia is doubtless a half brother to wild sheep."

Cats—Not yet trustworthily tamed. Descended from jungle-cats, to which mankind has long been kind; the tiger in the cat is still easily aroused. The cats which purr in your parlors today will hide away when it comes to having young, as if still living in the age of fear. "It is an open question," says Davenport, "if the domestic cat has not lost his usefulness long ago, if, indeed, he ever had any. He never was but half domesticated at best, and while he is a universal favorite with children because of his furry coat and seeming intelligence, almost incapable of true domestication."

Besides being a foe to insect-destroying birds, cats are common carriers of children's diseases. The Egyptians of the Twentieth Dynasty, about 1000 B. C., made a great ado over cats, embalming them with their dead. In the British museum may be seen a collection of mummied cats, taken from the tombs of Egypt. Scientists generally and physicians especially are thumbs down on house cats, this being the sole species of animals which has not repaid kindness with service.

Chickens—Domesticated by modern man. All varieties of the common fowl have descended from the jungle fowl (*Gallus ankiva*), of India. Gypsy kin of chickens are found in various countries as prairie chickens, grouse and pheasants.

Ducks—Quite recently domesticated. The wild mallard is regarded as the progenitor. By many peoples, at different times, ducks have been domesticated, whenever and wherever wild mallards dropped their eggs in hen's nests.

Pigeons—only partially tamed as yet. All the highly differentiated varieties, which fanciers have produced by selective cross breeding, originated in the blue-rock dove. Pouters, Fantails, Carriers, Jacobins, Antwerps and Turbits—all have been created by fanciers who, seizing upon some chance variation, mated the variant with another showing a like departure from the normal, and thus gradually, generation after generation, built up the fantastic proportions of the modern, highly specialized varieties.

Turkeys—Domesticated by the Puritans, 1620-21. It is a purely American product, descended from American Wild Turkeys.

Geese—Time of domestication unknown. The ancestors were the gray-leg goose, represented in North America by the snow goose of Canada.

Makes a Difference Who You're Telling



QUEEN ROSE FLOUR

Nothing Could Be
More Timely
Than the Announcement that

Allison's Wells the Famous Mississippi Health Resort, is now beginning its forty-fourth year of hospitality and entertainment. If you feel the need of recreation and rest or if you are run-down, tired out and weakened from over-exertion or the effects of malaria, stomach or kidney, liver and bladder troubles, there is no better place in the South for you to go than Allison's. The qualities which have made Allison's popular and which are keeping it so—are its old-fashioned hospitality, its comfortable and convenient service, its splendid meals and its wonderful water. Hundreds of prominent Mississippians are enthusiastic in their endorsement of this splendid mineral water. It is Nature's own alternative and has relieved and helped thousands who are suffering from the ailments for which it is recommended.

ALLISON'S WELLS
Mineral Water---Hotel---Hot Sulphur Baths
An Ideal Place for your Vacation
Write or Wire
D. C. LATIMER & COMPANY
Way, Mississippi

The real reason
for buying Columbias
—they last longer

The largest laboratory, devoted to dry cell research, experiments continuously to make them "last longer." Columbia Hot Shot or Columbia Ignitors are "right" for your needs. That's why people have the habit of asking for Columbias.

Columbia Dry Batteries for all purposes are sold by hardware and general stores, electrical and auto supply shops, garages and implement dealers.

Columbia
Dry Batteries
—they last longer

Fahnestock Spring Clip Binding Posts on Ignitors at no extra charge

Magnificent
Flour

Irritated Eyes
Get worse and worse the longer you let them go; Leonard's Golden Eye Lotion cures inflammation and soreness without pain in one day. Cooling, healing, strengthening. Get "Leonard's"—it makes strong eyes. Guaranteed or money refunded. All druggists sell it.

Sold by 2d Class Drug Store.

TO THE DEMOCRATIC
VOTERS OF DISTRICT 5:

When one asks the people to entrust him with the discharge of the duties of public office, the discharge of which means the attending to something that concerns the business of everybody, it is meet and proper that the candidate should be looked over and the most critical tests applied to his record as a citizen and what he has stood for in his community.

Realizing that none is perfect and not claiming to have even approximately reached that ideal, I ask only that charity of judgment that any other man would have shown him.

I believe that under the circumstances and conditions which confront our people that I am peculiarly qualified to be of special service to district five as supervisor during the next four years. Of course in this I may be mistaken. But if there was ever a time when strictly business rules and methods needed to be applied to the conduct of public affairs, that time is now. Assessment of property and tax rates are being raised every year while our farm problems are becoming more acute every year.

It has come to me from a number of friends, that my resignation when a member of the Board of Supervisors in 1917 was not understood, and that I have been made the subject of censure therefore.

I resigned in 1917, because the young man in charge of my store answered the call of his country for war and I could get no competent man of experience to take his place. My little children at home without a mother—their needs and their welfare was the thing closest to my heart. I could not continue as supervisor without neglecting my personal affairs with which the welfare of my children was closely interwoven, so I did what I thought was the right and honorable thing, and what I believe any reasonable minded man would have done, resign. We all know how the war was upsetting every thing at that time. We recall that we did not know how much and how long our country was to be involved, and the more responsibilities one had at home, the more the war weighed on his mind.

All I have in district five, I was reared here, I expect to spend my days here and to be buried here. And I know I am vitally concerned about our future and the welfare of the district.

I earnestly solicit the support of one and all, and if you elect me, I promise to be faithful and fair and diligent at all times.

Yours very truly,
L. T. HAYDEN,
Holcomb, Miss., July 5, 1923.

PRIVATE SHOWING
OF "BELLA DONNA"

On last Tuesday afternoon, Homer J. Williams, manager of the Grenada Opera House, invited some ten or twelve men of the town, among which number the writer was included, for a private showing of "Bella Donna," a picture which has raised a storm of protest against its showing in certain places. Mr. Williams wanted these men to pass on the merits and demerits of the picture and wanted their judgment as to whether or not it would be advisable to show it in Grenada. The committee, with one exception was of the opinion that it would be all right to show the picture provided children under sixteen years of age were not admitted. The picture brings out a strong moral lesson that would possibly not reach younger minds and thus it is that they will not be admitted next Wednesday, July 11, when the picture is presented to the movie patrons of Grenada.

Mr. Williams is to be commended for presenting the picture for a private showing to a "board of censorship," as it were, before bringing it to Grenada for the general public.

FARM BUREAU CONVENTION
TO BE HELD JULY 10.

Jackson, Miss., July 3.—Members of the Mississippi Farm Bureau Federation will gather in Jackson on July 10, for their annual membership meeting when a review of the work accomplished during the past year will be made and a program of activities for the coming year laid. Farm Bureau members from every county in the state are expected to attend the convention.

In sending out a call for the convention President C. L. Neill said, "Agricultural betterment and development is distinctly a Farm Bureau activity and it is up to the farmers of Mississippi to assist in formulating the policies and the program for next year."

The convention has been characterized as one of the most important

and agricultural gatherings ever held in the state for the promotion of better rural conditions through the Farm Bureau program.

The Farm Bureau movement has experienced a rapid growth in the state during the past year, now having a membership of 10,000 farmers. County Farm Bureaus are being organized in all sections of the state and are receiving the support of the most progressive farmers.

Among the outstanding accomplishments of the Farm Bureau during the past year has been the organization of the Farm Bureau Cotton Association with over 15,000 members; the Farm Bureau Truck Association composed of 34 locals and the Farm Bureau Lespedeza Seed Growers Association. Giant pool of 15,000 tons of nitrate of soda and 13,000 tons of acid phosphate saved the farmers over \$200,000.

Mrs. Snowden with her baby, of Memphis arrived in the city the first part of the week and will be the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Hallam and family a month.

666 cures Malaria, Chills and Fever, Dengue or Bilious Fever. It destroys the germs.

PAY
YOUR
SUBSCRIPTION
NOW

\$3.00 down delivers an Underwood, factory-rebuilt typewriter to you. Balance can be paid in easy monthly installments—just a fraction more than rental rate. Machine guaranteed for five years. See typewriter at Sentinel office.

Miss Mary Jeffries will be given a free ticket good July 12, to "Sherlock Holmes," starring John Barrymore, which will be shown at Grenada Opera House, Thursday and Friday, July 12-13 if she will call at the Opera House.

Get into The Sentinel's SUBSCRIPTION CRUSADE. We give tickets with every dollar in Gold Contest besides other things.

The Sentinel is prepared to take subscriptions to periodicals and magazines and will give club rates that will save the subscriber money.

Dr. J. Sidney Sharp, D.R.A., Clatter SHARP & CLATTER
Physicians & Surgeons
Office Over Heath Bros. Store
Facing Main Street.
Phones: Office, 54; Residence, 219

WINNING PARSON'S FEE, MAYBE

"What is it, dear?" asked her girl friend, finding her in tears.
"Why?" she sobbed, "I told Jack, after he proposed, to go into the library and see papa."

"What of that?"
"Why, they started playing cards and now he goes to see papa every night."

The Process.

"How long did you work on that speech?"
"Several weeks."
"I didn't know it took so long to prepare a political address."
"Ordinarily it doesn't but there are times in the career of a public man when he has to submit his views to a number of influential voters before he passes them on to the common people."

New Disease Found.

A dejected-looking World War veteran applied for assistance at the Pittsburgh chapter of the American Red Cross not long ago, saying he was ill.

"What does the doctor say is the matter?" he was asked.
"I dunno just what it is," replied the applicant, "but he says it's 'formation of the diagnosis.'"

His Explanation.

Teacher—When you drink something hot and then drink something cold, what happens?
Bright Boy—It makes your teeth hurt.

Teacher—How do you explain that?
Bright Boy—I guess it's because your fillings expand.

Rimrock
Trail

By J. ALLAN DUNN
Author of
"A Man to His Mate"
Etc.

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

Copyright, 1922, by J. Allan Dunn

(Continued from last week)
"I wish I could talk with you per-

sonally about this. Letters are such inadequate things. But I know, Mr. Keith, that you have her interests at heart—and so have I. I shall dearly love to have her with me, and I feel confident from what I have seen of her, that she will be happier in a home, with some one, who, however poorly, may take the place of the mother she must have missed all these years.

"Let me hear from you soon. If my health and other matters permit, I must try to come out with Molly before very long. Mr. Keith has seen this letter and approves of my suggestion to have Molly with us."

"Most sincerely yours,
"ELIZABETH VERNON KEITH."

It was a clever letter. There were several touches about it that almost amounted to genius. The mother suggestion, the need of companionship and advice from an older woman, all went home; though it was some time before the trio entirely absorbed the meaning of the glossy phrases and glib vocabulary. The letter passed about in silence after Sandy had read it, Sam and Mormon plowing through the maze of the fashionable script.

"Reckon she's right," said Mormon. "Molly's different. She had a mighty hard time of it along with her old man, compared to what them soft-skinned snips must have had. How 'bout it, Sam?"

"Sounds good to me. What do you think, Sandy? It's up to you as her guardian."

"It sure sounds good," said Sandy. "Seems like this Mrs. Keith must be a pretty fine woman to think of takin' Molly into her own home. I'd be inclined to put it this way: If Molly cottons to the idea, let her hop to it."

"Mirandy ain't brought over the butter yet," put in Mormon, with a glance at his partners that was half shamefaced. "Why not git her opinion? Takes a woman to understand a woman. She'd sabb this letter a heap better'n we c'ud."

Sam winked covertly at Sandy and shoved his tongue in his cheek.

"That's a good idea, Mormon," said Sandy.

"Never did find out jest what happened to that last wife o' your'n, did ye, Mormon?" asked Sam.

"Never did."

"That's too bad."

"Why?"

"General principles."

"Speakin' wide, the weddin' cake of matrimony has been mostly mildewed for me," said Mormon reflectively. "But I've allus had an affinity for the sex. I ain't like Sandy. Nature give him an instinct agin' 'em, as pardners. He was born lucky."

But Sandy had gone out. Sam and Mormon trailed him and saw him walking toward the cottonwood grove with Grit at his heels.

"He thinks a heap of Molly," opined Sam. "I reckon he sure hates to lose her, if he is woman-shy. 'Course Molly was jest a kid. But I don't fancy she'll take the back-trail once she gets mixed up with the Keith outfit."

"I ain't so plumb sure of that," returned Mormon. "Molly's been an' bred with the West in her blood. She'll allus hear the call of the range, like a colt that's stepped wild. He'll drink at the tank, but he ain't forgettin' the water-hole."

Sandy, under the cottonwoods where the spring bubbled, so near the old prospector's grave that perhaps the old miner lying there could, in his new affinities with Nature, hear its flow, was thinking much the same thing Mormon had expressed, hoping it might be true, chiding himself lest the thought be selfish.

Memories of Molly flickered across the screen of his mind: Molly beside her father by the broken wagon, climbing to get the cactus blossom for his calm; Molly at the grave; Molly giving him the gold piece; the wild ride across the pass and the race for the train and a recollection that was freshest of all, one he had not mentioned to his partners; the touch of Molly's lips on his as he had bade her goodbye. The kiss had not been that of a child, there had been a magic in it that had thrilled some chord in Sandy that still responded to that remembrance.

Miranda, alone in the fliver, a new car of her own, bought with money paid by Keith for her claim, was at the ranch house when Sandy returned. Miranda and young Ed Bailey, accepting Westlake's advice, had sold for cash, getting fifteen thousand dollars to divide between them, refusing more glittering offers of stock. It was a windfall well worth their endeavor and they were amply satisfied. Young Ed had promptly gone to agricultural college. Miranda, Mormon and Sam were talking about this when Sandy came up.

"It sure made a man of young Ed overnight," said the spinster. "He thought it out all by himself an' nigh surprised us, off our feet. We're plumb proud of him."

"Mr. Westlake was over day before yesterday," she went on. He says things is boom'n up to Casey Town. There's been some good strikes, one in the claim nex' but one to oura. Keith's goin' to start things whirlin', I reckon."

"Mebbe he'll see Molly," suggested Sam. "Though of course she ain't to Keith's house yet."

"How's that?" asked the spinster eagerly.

"We are waitin' for Sandy to show you the letter," said Sam. "Miranda read the letter through twice, folded it and held it in her lap for a few moments. Then:

"I don't rightly git the motive back of this writin'. It ain't been sent without one. Mebbe she's just taken a fancy to Molly, mebbe she's a woman that likes to do kind things and

thinks Molly'll pay well for help taken up. I don't mean in money, but, if Molly didn't have a show of bein' rich, an' wasn't pretty, which she is, I ain't certain Mrs. Keith 'ud be so eager. I guess it's all right, but, somehow, it don't hit me as plumb sincere."

"You'd vote agin' it?" asked Sandy.

"No-o. I w'dn't."

"I figgered on puttin' it up to Molly."

"That's a good idee. An', as her guardian, I'd suggest that Mrs. Keith lives up to that half-promise of hers an' make it a condition she brings Molly out here inside of six months. That'll give time for a fair trial an' you can see right then fo' yerself how it's workin'."

"That's a plumb fine idee," said Mormon, looking triumphantly at his partners.

It ran with Sandy's own wishes and he subscribed to it. Sam indorsed it as well, and a letter was sent east that night, containing the proviso of Molly's return and another that Molly should bear all her own expenses of tuition and living. All this to hang upon Molly's own desire to make the change.

When Molly's letter came there appeared no doubt as to her willingness. She admitted that she had been sometimes "lonesome" at the school.

After that Molly's letters were prime events at the Three Star. She wrote every week telling of life at the Keiths. Miranda made up the quartet to read them. Molly wrote:

"It is full of excitement, this life at the Keiths, and they are just lovely to me. There is a lot of company always at the house and everyone seems to be enjoying himself, but somehow it strikes me as not quite real. I want to be back where nobody pretends."

"I'd give anything, sometimes, for a good gallop through the redtop and sage and rabbit-brush on my pony."

There was more talk of dinners and dances, of receptions and theaters, with mention of Donald Keith here and there, that of new clothes, kind words for the elder Keiths. "Don't think I've changed," she said. "I'm the same Molly underneath even if I have been revamped and decorated."

The famous White Gold prospectuses and advertisements duly followed the news stories. Casey Town boomed with some bona-fide strikes that sent Keith's stocks soaring high. The porphyry dyke at the Molly mine began to yield rich results almost from the first, and dividends were paid in such quantities as to stagger the Three Star outfit, who saw themselves in a fair way to become rich. All over the barren hills, where the first futile shafts had been driven and abandoned, buildings sprang up like mushrooms, housing machinery, sending up plumes of white smoke that tokened the underground energies.

The three partners held consultation as to their disposal of the checks that were sent them.

"Molly, she's gettin' the same amount we're splittin' both ways," said Sam, "but somehow it don't seem right to me the way we come in. It was her dad's mine. He found it. All we did was to find her—an' Grit done that."

"The gal w'dn't promise to go to



"The Gal W'dn't Promise to Go to School 'Less We Shared Even- Steven," said Mormon.

school 'less we shared even Steven," said Mormon.

"I see it this way," said Sandy. "I've done a heap of thinkin' over the matter. I'm plumb sure that if we all didn't take the money Molly 'ud pull out her picket-pin an' say we wasn't playin' fair an' square with her. I figger we can do this. We can use the money, keepin' account of it, puttin' it into stock an' improvements that'll pay fo' themselves long befo' Molly comes of age an' my guardian papers play out. That way we'll have the benefit of the capital an' keep it ready to turn over to her if she ever needs it. I don't believe she'll ever take one red of it. It was a gamble with her an' she's a thoroughbred sport. But, in case anything ever turns up, or she gets married, we'll have it handy."

"Figger she's goin' to marry that young Keith? I sure hate to think of Molly hitchin' up with a tenderfoot. But I subscribe to Sandy's scheme on these here dividends of ours."

"Count me in," said Mormon. And so the affair was settled.

Of Pimms' little was heard. The gambler had deserted that profession, and stayed close to his horse ranch. It lay alone, and few visited it save Pimms' own associates. Rumors drifted concerning Pimms' remarkable herd increase of saleable horses, but, unless proof of actual operation was forthcoming, there was small chance of pinning anything down in the way of illegal work. Wyatt once, staggering out of some blind pig in Hereford, babbled in maudlin drunkenness of his determination to get even with Pimms for stealing his sweetheart. For Wyatt, for the sake of the girl, had gone back to Pimms' employ.

Thoughts of Pimms did not bother Sandy's head. The "old man" of the Three Star—hearing the cowman's inevitable title for the head of the management, whether young or old, male or female—carried out his long-cherished plans for additional water-supply, for alfalfa planting, for registered bulls and high-grade cows. He studied hard, he got in touch with the state experimental developments, he subscribed for magazines that told of cattle breeding, he sent soils for analysis, and young Ed, coming home from his first term, found, somewhat to his chagrin, that Sandy was far ahead of him in both the theory and practice of ranching.

The days multiplied into weeks and the weeks into months. Sandy received one letter from Brandon that seemed to presage another visit across the line. It was terse, characteristic of the man.

"My Dear Bourke:

"We are still losing three and four-year-olds, and the evidence points to their drifting over toward Pimms. We have traced up some of the links leading from this end. To be quite frank, the authorities of your own county do not seem over-disposed to bother in the matter, and we are taking things in our own hands. We have set a trap for Jim Pimms and have hopes he will walk into it if he is the guilty party."

"The favor I want of you is to tip me off if Pimms appears about to leave the country. We have a tip that he expects to do so before long. If you get wind of this a wire would be much appreciated by me."

"Sincerely yours,
"W. J. BRANDON."

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"W. J. BRANDON."

With the founding of the Three Star ranch the lives of the partners had changed a good deal. They held responsibilities, they owned a home and they lived there. None of them, since they were children, had ever known the close companionship of a young girl. Mormon's matrimonial adventures had been foredoomed shipwrecks on the sands of time, his wives marital pirates preying on his good nature and earnings. Molly had leavened their existences in a way that two of them hardly suspected, and the yeast of affection was still working. Each hung to the hope that she might return to the ranch again to stay and each felt that hope was a faint one.

When, at last, there came the news, from Molly herself and from Mrs. Keith, that Keith was coming out to make inspection of his Casey Town properties, that he was traveling in a private car with his son, with Molly and her governess-companion, Miss Nicholson, and that the two latter would get off at Hereford for a visit to the Three Star, Sandy went about with a whistle. Sam breathed sanguine melodies through the harmonica and Mormon beamed all over. The illumination was apparent. Sam told him he looked "all lit up, like a Chinese lantern" and Mormon beamed the more.

Molly's letter was primed with delight. Mrs. Keith's contained regrets that her physicians did not think the journey would be best for her to undertake in the present state of her health, which meant that she feared possible discomforts en route and imagined the ranch as a place where one was fed only on beans, sourdough bread, bull meat and indifferent coffee.

CHAPTER XVI

East and West.

When Miranda Bailey heard the news she announced her determination of coming over to the Three Star to prepare for the visitors.

"I reckon my reputation'll stand it," she said, "seein' I'm older than two of you an' the third is still a married man. Pedro's cookin' is enough to give any easterner dyspepy. The whole house wants red-din' up; it ain't been swept proper fo' a year."

Abashed, the partners gave her full sway. The ranch-house was scoured from top to bottom. Miranda's car brought over curtains for the windows, flowers for the window-sills, odds and ends that made the place look homely, cheerful, inviting. Pedro was given lessons at the stove that he at first took sulkily, but, being praised and his wages raised, took pride in.

"He'll do," vouchsafed Miranda at last, the evening before the arrival. "He's no hand at cookies or dough-nuts an' never will be, but I'll bring them over from time to time. He can make a pie an' biscuit an' he can broil meat. I've taught him to mash his pertaters with milk 'stead of water an' to put butter in his hot cakes. I'm stayin' over till supper tomorrow to see everything has a good stait. There's room for five—supposed to be—in my car. An' there's four of us—an' six to come back. The other car's in use. How we goin' to manage it?"

"Molly'll ride in with me," said Sandy. "I'm goin' over early on a mornin' and take the white blazed bay

thing that Molly rode over the Grits' pass."

"Hide in? She won't be dressed for it, travelin' on the train," said Miranda.

"I've got a hunch she will," Sandy answered simply. "They got their own private car. If she ain't, why, Sam can ride the bay back. But me an' Pronto, the bay an' Grit are goin' thataway."

There were certain tones of Sandy's voice that gave absolute finality to his statements. He used them on this occasion. The argument dropped. In a way Sandy was making the matter a test of Molly. If she was as anxious as she wrote to "fork a broncho," if she understood Sandy and he her, she would feel that he would be waiting with her mount for her to return to the ranch western fashion. If not, it meant that she was out of the chrysalis and had become, not the busy bee that belongs to the mesquite and the sage, but a gaudier, less responsible flutterer among eastern flower-beds.

Miranda's caravan started an hour after Sandy left, she driving, Mormon and Sam in the back, each dressed in his best, minus chaparrals and spurs, but otherwise most typically the cowboy and therefore out of place—and feeling it—as they sat stiffly in the leatherette-lined tonneau. Miranda was in starched linen, destitute of all ornament, a dark red ribbon at her throat the only touch of color, looking extremely efficient and, as Sam whispered to Mormon, "a bit stand-offish."

The train rolled in majestically, the private car gleaming with varnish and polished glass and brass, with a white-coated dandy flashing white teeth on the platform as the fussy local engine took the detached luxury to the side-track designated for its Hereford location. The flivver was parked and Miranda, Mormon and Sam made one group a little ahead of the others, recognized by the crowd as privileged.

If Wilson Keith, clad in tweeds tailored on Fifth avenue, a little portly, square-faced, confident, a trifle condescending, typified the East, Sandy was the West. A good horse is the incarnation of symmetry, grace and power. Sandy, erect in the saddle, lean and keen, matched all of Pronto's fitness. Man and mount both eminently belonged to the land, shimmering with sage, far-stretching to the mountains, a land that demanded and bred such a combination.

Keith stood by the railing of his platform, the dandy ready with the dismounting stool. He surveyed the crowd affably, with the poise of a successful candidate assured of welcome, waving his hand in demi-salute to Sandy, Sam and Mormon, lifting his hat graciously to Miranda Bailey. The man and the car emanated prosperity. Yet, for all the booming of Casey Town, the finding of pay-ore, the sale of shares, Keith's present financial status was not all that he trusted it might be within a short time. It was part of the technique of his profession to assume a mask and manner of financial success, and of late he had worn these until at times they laded him, but they were well designed, well worn, and no one doubted but that Wilson Keith was a man of ready millions.

Keith had dallied with oil, had speculated, plunged, been persuaded to invest heavily. He was beginning to have a vague fear of not being so certain as he would have wished as to which end of the line he had taken, that of the baited hook, or the end that was attached to the reel that automatically plays the fish.

He sold gold and he was buying oil. Others, partners with him in new enterprises in the petroleum field, were making sudden fortunes. His turn had not come yet, but they assured him that his ventures promised even more than those that had enriched them. Faster than gold came out of Casey Town, Keith used it in Oklahoma and Texas.

The engine uncoupled and panted off, leaving the car at rest on the spur-track. The fox-faced secretary came out, held the door open. Someone followed Molly Casey. Sandy surmised it must be Donald Keith, but he had sight for nothing except the slender figure whose radiant face, between a Panama hat and a dustcoat of pongee silk, shone straight at him. It was Molly, but a glorified Molly, woman, not girl. The freckles had gone, the snub nose had become defined, the eyes of Irish blue seemed to have deepened in hue back of their smudgy lashes. The wide mouth was the same, scarlet and soft as cactus blossom, smiling, opening in a glad cry.

"Sandy!" Her arms went out toward him in greeting over the brass railing. Then Grit, catapulting from ground to platform, with frantic yaps of welcome, fairly bowled over the dandy with his mounting block and bounded up into Molly's embrace. There was confusion on the platform for a moment with Grit as the nucleus. Another person had come out, evidently Miss Nicholson. She had the general appearance of a white rabbit and the manners of a maternally intentioned but none too efficient hen.

Keith descended first, Molly darted by his extended hand and ran straight to Sandy, who had dismounted.

"I'm going to hug you, and Mormon and Sam, as soon as we get home to the ranch," she cried. "Home! I'm so glad to be here. Pronto, you beauty, and my own bay, Blaze! Do you remember the trip over the mesa, Blaze? How did you know I wanted to ride to the Three Star instead of drive?"

"Took a chance," said Sandy. "Do

(Continued on page 7)

AW, WHAT'S THE USE



DESS BABBLE'S GOING TO STAY ALL NIGHT TONIGHT - I WANT YOU TO BE NICE TO HER

OF ALL YOUR CHILDHOOD PALS SHE'S THE ONE I LOVE MOST



THE LAST TIME SHE WAS HERE SHE WIPED HER ROUGE ALL OVER THE BEST GUEST TOWELS AN' USED THE TAIL OF MY SILK SHIRT TO POLISH HER SHOES



FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! - HOW DOES SHE GET THAT WAY? THE HARDER YOU TRY TO MAKE SOME PEOPLE FEEL AT HOME - THE SLOPPIER THEY GET



Guess That'll Hold Felix

GAY - WHAT ARE YOU CROWING ABOUT! THE LAST TIME YOUR FRIEND, FRED FISH, STAYED ALL NIGHT HE BURNT 3 HOLES IN MY BEST LINEN SHEETS SMOKING CIGARETTES IN BED, AND GOT THE NEW RUG ALL INK SPOTS SHAKING HIS CHEAP OLD FOUNTAIN PEN



THE GRENADA SENTINEL

O. F. LAWRENCE, EDITOR
G. M. LAWRENCE, PUBLISHER
GRENADA, MISSISSIPPI

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50 Per Year in Advance
Six Months \$1.00

Entered at the Post Office at Grenada, Miss., as second class mail matter.
THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF GRENADA COUNTY

ADVERTISING RATES—Classified Advertisements, Cards of Thanks, Obituaries, In Memoriams, and other reading notices 21c per word for each insertion, payable cash in advance.
Display advertising rates furnished on application.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Sentinel is authorized to make the following announcements subject to the Democratic primaries in August:

For Lieutenant Governor Dennis Murphree of Pittsboro	For Circuit Clerk J. W. Wood V. R. James (reelection)
For State Revenue Agent Stokes V. Robertson (for re-election)	For Tax Assessor David A. Williams Groce Carter (for re-election) Lawrence N. Yeager
State Superintendent of Education W. F. Bond (for re-election)	For Supervisor, District 1 Kemp Mattingly (reelection)
State Commissioner of Agriculture P. P. Garner (for re-election)	For Supervisor, District 2 J. H. James (for re-election) J. E. Shaw O. H. Terry
For Railroad Commissioner, Northern District T. T. O'Bryen of Panama County	For Supervisor, District 3 W. V. Horton Eugene Davis
For District Attorney David E. Crawley (for re-election) Clarence E. Morgan of Attalla Co.	For Supervisor, District 4 J. G. Boushville (for re-election) E. L. Boudler Jessie C. Whitten
For State Senator W. A. White	For Supervisor, District 5 L. T. Hadden J. L. Tinsley G. P. Cunningham (for re-election) W. K. Gray
For Representative B. S. Elliott C. C. White	For Magistrate, District 1 J. A. Gibson
For Floater Representative C. H. Aldridge (of Montgomery Co.)	For Constable, District 1 Jack Smith
For Sheriff Dave Dogan	For Constable, District 3 J. M. Franklin
For County Superintendent of Public Education LaFayette Atkinson M. McKibben (for re-election)	For Magistrate, District 5 B. L. Harris, Sr. (for re-election)
For Chancery Clerk Glen D. Thompson James B. Euston (for re-election)	For Magistrate, District 3 S. W. Simpson

DENNIS MURPHREE SHOULD BE NOMINATED.

The candidacy of Mr. H. M. Money of Biloxi for Lieutenant Governor coming at this late hour, bears the earmarks of a man yielding to importunities against his own judgment, and possibly to satisfy some one else.

It will not be denied that the people are at least entitled to the opportunity to know the man whom they vote for for a State office, and certainly it is an impossibility for one to visit the 82 counties of the State in practically thirty days.

The people do not know Mr. Money. Ninety nine and one half per cent of the people of Mississippi never knew that there was such a man living, and but for the fact that he is the son of a distinguished father, we hazard the statement that he would have never entered this race. We fear that he has yielded to those who would capitalize the name of his father at his expense.

Dennis Murphree has been an avowed and active candidate for Lt. Governor for two years. He has rendered signal service in the legislature. He is an honest, courageous, able and conservative man. He is recognized as one of the best parliamentarians who has been in the legislature. He has gone before the people with his candidacy for Lt. Governor. He has attempted no eleventh hour announcements and under all the circumstances we believe the people of Mississippi are going to see that he is overwhelmingly nominated at the first primary, August 7.

THE LIGHT BREAKING IN ON THE NORTH.

We are reproducing below an editorial taken from a recent issue of the Chicago Tribune. The editorial shows that light is breaking on the North on matters relative to the negroes.

The Chicago Tribune is known as one of the bitterest anti-Southern newspapers. For years it has persisted in misrepresenting the South, and it has wilfully closed its eyes to natural conditions and has refused to try to see the questions growing out of the negro's enfranchisement, and its attendant problems and evils, from the standpoint of even the most conservative thinkers of the South.

Just think of a rabid Republican newspaper, and the Chicago Tribune at that, saying, "The whole attitude of the country confesses that a mistake was made in the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments."

Yes, the negroes moving North are making Northerners see the so-called negro problem from the viewpoint of the South. And we shall not be surprised, if the negro continues to move northward, to find Northerners bidding for Southern men to come and teach them "how to deal with the negro."

The South has known the negro ever since it has known itself. The South is his best friend and the negro is a friend to Southern people when left to follow the bent of his own inclinations. Read what the Tribune said under the caption, "The Constitution, North and South."

"If the whites of the South are to live the way they want to live, they must disregard the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments of the Constitution. If they did not nullify them they would have an entirely different life and one they would not tolerate. Federal officials and federal troops made them stand for it during part of reconstruction, and consequences were barely endurable."

"It is a momentous question and the North virtually tells the South to proceed in its own way, regardless of the Constitution, to live as it

wants to live, although it might not make a great deal of difference to the North if Georgia had a negro Governor and a negro Legislature.

"The North does not impose its will upon the South and has not since the passions of Republican radicals wore themselves out in the seventies. The whole attitude of the country confesses that a mistake was made in the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments."

"A mistake was also made in putting a rule of private conduct in the Constitution. Some states which adopted the eighteenth amendment now regret it. They show their change of mood by their votes and by acts of their Legislatures. Under the eighteenth amendment they do not live as they want to live, just as the whites of the Southern States could not live as they want to live under the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments."

"The man in the North who wants a glass of beer finds that he is an enemy of the Constitution and an anarchist. The man in the South who does not want a black man to vote and sees that he does not is untainted of disrespect for the Constitution and has no contempt for American law."

"This may be all right, but it leaves us a bit in the dark."

DENVER NEWSPAPER TALKS ABOUT LYNCHING.

A recent issue of the Denver Rocky Mountain News contained an editorial, which we are reproducing below, in which it discussed lynching in the South under the caption, "The Changed South."

We do not think that the News properly diagnoses the whys of lynching decreasing. The fact is the more stable, the more conservative and a vast majority of the best thinking people of the South have long counseled against lynching, and the years of preachments of these men is bearing fruit regardless of all other causes.

But there is this particular statement in the Rocky Mountain News editorial to which we want to direct attention: "The fear thought is out of the South. The North has to bear part of the responsibility for inculcating that fear."

All the authority of the government was employed the other night down at Savannah, Ga. to prevent a mob taking out a colored prisoner and burning him. The prisoner will be given a trial and if found guilty of a fearful crime he will receive death at the hands of his government. This will be much better for Savannah. The brutality connected with lynch spread far and enter deep into human hearts and mentalities and somehow mob law fails to do what is the single excuse for its doing. The elemental mind of man is a curious thing and not easily understood.

Lynchings throughout the South are on the decrease. It must be set down that the change is due to an economic cause first, the rest will come later. A most significant migration to the North has been going on the last year, but to an acute extent in the last several months from the black belt. Demand for colored labor in the North has discovered the supply in the territory where the colored population outnumber-

OR C. K. BAILEY, Dentist

GRENADA, MISS.

Office over Heath Bros. Store Facin
Main Street

Weak Back

Mrs. Mildred Pipkin, of R. F. D. 8, Columbia, Tenn., says: "My experience with Cardui has covered a number of years. Nineteen years ago... I got down with weak back. I was run-down and so weak and nervous I had to stay in bed. I read of

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

and sent for it. I took only one bottle at that time, and it helped me; seemed to strengthen and build me right up. So that is how I first knew of Cardui. After that, ... when I began to get weak and 'no account', I sent right for Cardui, and it never failed to help me."

If you are weak and suffering from womanly ailments, Cardui may be just what you need. Take Cardui. It has helped thousands, and ought to help you.

At all druggists' and dealers'.

E 97

Prevent Chills and Fever

Keep chills and fever from getting a hold in your blood. Lessen the danger of wasting illness.

A dose of LEONARD'S CHILL REMEDY AND IRON TONIC a day will do the work. This medicine kills the malarial germs, combats their poison and enriches and purifies the blood.

Guard your health against chills and fever by using LEONARD'S CHILL REMEDY AND IRON TONIC. It is sweet, harmless and efficient. It is guaranteed. Demand LEONARD'S from your druggist.

Sold by 2d Class Drug Store.

Queen Rose
Flour

ed the white and where the federal constitution in certain respects was a dead letter. The congressional immigration law is responsible for this colored hegira and the world war was responsible for the immigration law. The responsibility for the war has not been fixed authoritatively yet. Some day.

"But there will be no return in the South to conditions which prevailed so long, no matter what may take place in years to come in the labor-industrial marts. The fear thought is out of the South. The North has to bear part responsibility for inculcating that fear."

Real leadership is what is needed in Mississippi's next Governor. There have been a number of things fastened on the State that need to be uprooted and booted out. And then the State needs a man with practical, business-like ideas to point out the way of construction, and with enough statesmanship and virility to command the respect and confidence of the law-making body to see that the State is lead out of the wilderness of business depression, petty politics and spiteful executive doings. Mike Conner meets that requirement.

Free Picture Show Tickets

Find your name in The
Sentinel this week

You may receive a ticket good for admission to "Sherlock Holmes" starring John Barrymore, which will be shown at Grenada Opera House, Thursday and Friday, July 12, 13

It will pay you to read the ads in
THE SENTINEL

LONG LIFE

In buying a motor car, consider what the cost will be when divided over a period of years.

What is the car's reputation for satisfactory service after the first year? After the second? And after the third—and fourth?

These considerations, in the final analysis, are the true basis of economy in motoring.

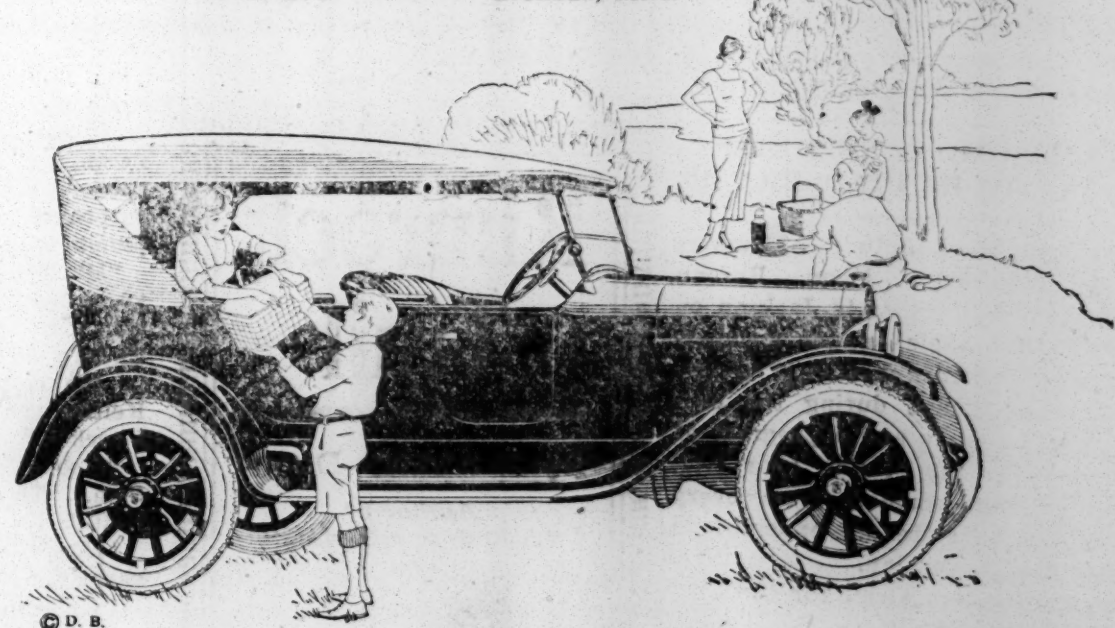
And it is this attribute of long life to which Dodge Brothers Motor Car owes its chief claim upon the unalloyable loyalty of its owners.

The price of the Touring Car is \$880
f. o. b. Detroit—\$995 delivered

MEEK MOTOR COMPANY

Dodge Brothers Motor Cars

Phone 204 Grenada, Miss.



POLA NEGRI IN "BELLA DONNA"

With Conway Tearle, Conrad Nagel, Lois Wilson and Adolphe Menjou

Grenada Opera House

One Day Only

Matinee 3:30

Wednesday, July 11

Night 8:00

The picture you have heard so much about. MORAL: The penalty of an unfaithful wife, made unfaithful by the world's scorn

ADMISSION 50c

No one under 16 years of age admitted unless accompanied by parents

Local, Social and Personal

ADVERTISING RATES—Classified Advertisements, Cards of Thanks, Obituaries, In Memoriams, and other reading notices 2½¢ per word for each insertion, payable cash in advance.

Mrs. G. W. Jennings arrived in Grenada Monday at noon from Arlington, Ky., and is the guest of friends here. Mrs. Jennings is most pleasantly remembered in Grenada as for a long while she made this her home.

Mrs. A. N. Rayburn and young son left the first of the week to spend several days in Cleveland visiting Mrs. Rayburn's sister, Mrs. Alldred Hale.

Mrs. J. Siegel and three children returned home the first of the week from Coffeeville where they had been for a few days visiting relatives. Mr. Siegel spent Sunday with them in Coffeeville.

Miss Kate Payne Owens left a few days ago for Tobaccopolis in Lafayette County where she went to spend some time in Sunday School work.

Mrs. J. T. Gum and her sister, Mrs. F. M. Smith, of Jacksonville, Fla., who has been her guest for several weeks, left Tuesday to spend some time in Hot Springs, Ark.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph White and five children of Oxford arrived a few days ago in Grenada to be the guests of Mrs. White's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Owens, on Harvey Street.

John Talbert Salmon is spending several days this week visiting friends in Drew and other parts of the delta.

Miss Pauline McGlade has accepted a position during the summer months with The Sentinel office. Miss McGlade has been employed for several months past by the Jay-Em-Bee Coal Co., and comes to this office highly recommended.

Misses Mamie Lloyd Buck and Ruth Pinson of Ackerman arrived several days ago and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Shaw at Tie Plant.

Miss Nannie Lou Hamilton, who had been visiting her brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hamilton, in Jonesboro, Ark., returned home a few days ago.

See Mrs. M. W. Boyd for the new style brassieres.

Green Hill arrived Monday afternoon from New Orleans, La., and is the guest of his brother, Dr. F. S. Hill, and family on Line Street.

T. B. Revell, Jr., was in Memphis for a short while the first of the week on business.

Mrs. Anna McNeill and her granddaughter, Miss Mary Elizabeth McNeill, left this week to spend two or three weeks in Winona visiting relatives.

Mrs. Jack Hamilton of Jonesboro, Ark., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Hamilton in Grenada. Mrs. Hamilton is just out of a Memphis hospital and those of her friends here are glad to know that she is doing nicely.

Mrs. Porter Barton is spending some days at Allison's Wells.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Rates—2½¢ per word for each insertion payable strictly in advance. No advertisement accepted for less than 50c.

We are paying 37 cents for first grade cream. Can and check returned same day received. The Will Springs Creamery, 804 S. Main, Memphis, Tenn.

666 quickly relieves Constipation, Biliousness, Headaches, Colds and Lagrippe.

To Rent—Unfurnished rooms for light housekeeping. Phone 87 7-6-2t

See Mrs. M. W. Boyd for the new summer styles of Barceley corsets in the light weight materials that are ventilated. Made to measure, boned as heavy or as light as the client wishes.

60 bu. good car corn for sale. Phone 253. 7-6-2t

Take this opportunity and buy one of these cheap. Good lots in the best neighborhood. Rents will be higher from now on. Jno. George, Real Estate. 7-6-2t

Nice home on corner of Levee and Second for sale. Price is right. Jno. George, Real Estate. 7-6-2t

Wanted—Man with car to sell complete line high quality tires and tubes. A money making proposition for either full or part time. Exclusive territory. Sterlingworth Tire and Rubber Co., East Liverpool, Ohio.

Apartment for rent, also separate rooms. Piano and buggy for sale. Phone 74. 7-6-2t

TRAVELING MAN HAS TO SACRIFICE FURNITURE

3 rugs, 1 mahogany dresser, 1 ladies' oak dressing table, dining room table and chairs, 1 bed spring new and mattress, 1 four-burner oil stove, 2 rocking chairs, \$185.00. See Mrs. R. C. Kerr, 608 Mound St. 7-6-2t

Miss Rebecca Stokes spent last week in Memphis where she visited her sister, Miss Ruth, who is attending summer school at West Tennessee Normal.

Miss Frances Brown spent several days in Coffeeville last week where she was the guest of relatives.

Little Miss Margaret Rowland arrived last Saturday from her home in Oxford to spend a few days in Grenada in the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Sharp.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Nichols and family spent the week-end in Memphis where they were the guests of relatives. They made the trip in their car.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Buffaloe and two children of Oxford were the guests Wednesday of Mr. and W. A. McLeod and family in Grenada.

Miss Lucile King visited friends in Indianola last Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Nannie C. Lewis left last Saturday to spend some time in Jackson visiting her sisters, Mesdames B. M. Lewis and Ed Golden.

Miss Margaret McLean of Oxford spent the past week-end in Grenada, being the guest of Miss Anna Elise Roane.

Mrs. Albert M. (nee Corinne Turnage) is expected to arrive Sunday from her home in Vicksburg to visit her mother, Mrs. A. D. Turnage, and her sister, Mrs. Morton Hornor.

Miss Ruth Ohlsen of Natchez has been the attractive guest for several days of Miss Eloise Morris on College Avenue.

Lester Lucas of Memphis was the guest for the fourth of July holiday of his brother in Grenada, W. W. Lucas, and family on Second Street.

Grenada was almost totally deserted on Wednesday, the fourth. Those that did not go on picnics, either went fishing, hunting, camping or to some neighboring town to see a ball game and the streets were clear all during the day with the exception of an occasional automobile.

Miss Louise Perry returned home Sunday night from Memphis where she spent several days visiting relatives. She went up to accompany her friend, Miss Dorothy Pettus, who was en route to her home in Drake's Branch, Va., after a several weeks' visit with Miss Perry in Grenada.

Mrs. O. W. Holmes arrived Monday from her home in Clarksdale for a brief visit with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Broadstreet.

Miss Mamie McCormick left last week for an extended visit with her sister, Mrs. Cohea, in Memphis.

W. B. Thiesman, who is in the employ of the I. C. R. R. at Louisville Ky., was here for the week-end with his family. Mr. Thiesman's family has not moved to Louisville as he does not expect to be there permanently.

Robertson Horton left Sunday for Culver City, Indiana, where he went to enter Culver Academy for the summer term.

Miss Blanche Upshaw returned last Sunday to her home in Oklahoma City after a stay of several weeks in Torrance with her sister, Mrs. S. M. Jones. Mrs. Jones and her two children accompanied Miss Upshaw and will remain in Oklahoma for some weeks as her guest.

Misses Louise Hoffa, Elizabeth Thomas, Mary McCaslin and Helen Duncan Wilkins left a few days ago for Colorado Springs where they will spend the summer in camp Kinnikinnick. They will be under the care of Mrs. J. T. Thomas and Miss Adele Hoffa who accompanied them.

Mrs. W. L. Richardson has returned home after a two weeks' stay with relatives in the eastern portion of the county.

Mrs. Kate Brannon arrived a few days ago from her home in Jackson, Tenn., and is the guest of her niece, Mrs. S. M. Cain, on Margin Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Brooks Shumake of Ackerman were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Simmons and family in their home on College Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Honeycutt of Waco, Texas, and Mrs. Honeycutt of Meridian are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Honeycutt in Grenada.

Henry W. Berry left Monday afternoon for New York City to spend some time there. He went via Louisville, Cincinnati and Cleveland.

Young Miss Julia Daprato, who has been in Grenada for several weeks visiting her grandmother, Mrs. V. Daprato, and other relatives, expects to leave Monday for her home in Memphis.

Miss Martha Baker left Monday for Denver, Colorado where she will spend perhaps two months as the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. O. Greer who is best known in Grenada as Miss Mary Meek Baker.

Bruce D. Newsom was a visitor the first of the week in Memphis on business.

Robert Exum of Water Valley, was a Grenada visitor last Sunday.

Walter Blaxton and family were Sunday visitors in Grenada from Winona.

Charles F. Goodwin left Monday afternoon to spend a few days in St. Louis. From there he will go to Boston for the shoe style show.

Tom Irby arrived home a few days ago from Oklahoma City where he has been in law school and will spend his vacation with his mother, Mrs. P. S. Irby, and family.

Mrs. J. T. Nason left Sunday for Memphis where she went to go under the care of a specialist for a few days. Her many friends hope that she will return home much improved in health. Mr. Nason went up with her and returned home Sunday night.

Mrs. J. P. Simpson left the first of the week to spend a short while in Clarksdale with friends.

Mrs. Myra Rafferty and two daughters, Misses Helen and Madge, of San Diego, Calif., who are visiting relatives in Mississippi, spent several days in Grenada with Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Lockett and family. They left Monday to visit other relatives in Canton and will leave for their home on the twelfth of this month.

Mrs. Joe Atkinson is spending a few days visiting in Jackson. She left Monday.

L. J. Doak returned last Friday from Chicago where he had been to attend the meeting of the National Association of Winchester Clubs in session there from June 25-29. Mr. Doak was on the program for an address before the members and there is no question but that he ably arose to the occasion.

Mrs. Jasper Wilson of Memphis was the guest of friends in Grenada Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

Miss Lynn Dunavant left Tuesday afternoon to spend her three weeks' vacation visiting friends in Boston, Mass., Portland, Me., and other points in the north and east.

Mrs. A. M. Fisher spent last week in Oxford where she was the guest of relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Faires returned home the first of the week from Steele, Mo., where they spent several days visiting relatives.

Joe Atkinson took advantage of the fourth of July holiday and spent the day in Memphis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Turnage and two sons of Greenwood spent the day in Grenada Wednesday with Mr. Turnage's mother, Mrs. A. D. Turnage. His sister, Mrs. Morton Hornor, and her son returned to Greenwood with them to spend the rest of the week.

W. C. McLean, Jr., was out of the city for several days last week, most of which time he was in Nashville, Tenn., on personal business. While away, he also visited Marion, Ark., and Memphis.

Mrs. Cowles Horton left last Sunday to spend some time in Chicago visiting her mother and other relatives.

Claud Gibson and Robert Townes were visitors last Sunday in and near the Capital City.

Miss Mary Hamilton, who is attending the summer session of West Tennessee Normal at Memphis, spent the week-end in Grenada with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Hamilton, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Carothers and young son, Neil, Jr., left the latter part of last week to spend a few days in Columbus visiting relatives.

Mrs. R. Lewis Jones arrived last Friday from her home in Memphis to spend a few days visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Jones and family at their lovely country home north of Grenada.

Mr. H. L. Cox and children of Madison were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Lockett. Mr. Cox is a brother of Mrs. Lockett.

Little Miss Mary McKeethan who had been visiting relatives in Grenada left last Saturday for her home in Fulton, Ky. She was accompanied by her uncle, J. A. Denton, who returned to Grenada the first part of this week.

Summer Time is Victrola Time



Good to the last drop

The restaurateur, whose patronage is due largely to the uniform flavor of his coffee, is usually proud to identify it as Maxwell House.

**MAXWELL
HOUSE
COFFEE**



Dancing to the music of the Victrola is a favorite pastime.

Victrola is the life of social functions, vacation and camping trips.

Prices \$25 up to \$250.
Sold on terms



Sharp Furniture Co

Do You Want More Business?

You can get it by the continual use of advertising space in this paper

You will find that the cost is very small compared to the benefits derived therefrom

You'll be both surprised and pleased at the results

The Grenada Sentinel
Established 1857

**Queen Rose
Flour**

(Continued from page 3)

you?" The old woman-shyness had come over him, fighting with his knowledge of the child who had changed into a woman. And the pony-gear duster deceived him.

"Do I? Didn't I write you I was aching to fork a saddle? Look!"

She unbuttoned the duster with swift fingers and stripped it off, standing revealed in riding togs of smallest black and white checks, coat flaring out from the trim waist, slim, straight legs in breeches and riding boots, a white stock about the slender, round neck. She gave one hand to Mormon, the other to Sam, gazing at her in admiration that was radiant and goggle-eyed. Sandy, looking down at her, saw her eyes crinkle at the corners in the old way. Keith and his son joined them, coming from the car. Miss Nicholson, hovering behind ingratiatingly.

"Glad to see you, Bourke," he said. "And you, Manning. You, too, Peters. Meet my son, Donald."

The three partners shook hands gravely with the boy, appraising him without his guessing it.

"Glad to see you out west," said Mormon. "We'd sure admire to have you visit us for a spell."

"I was hoping for a bid," said young Keith. "Thanks. The car is here, or will be within an hour or two. Father shipped it ahead. Sims wired us it was at the junction. He'll drive it over for us to go on to Casey Town as soon as he overhauls it. Then I'll run in from the mines, as soon as Dad can spare me."

"Donald has to get acquainted with a real mining property," said Keith affably. "Molly was certain you would have a horse for her, Bourke. Don't wait round for us. We have to get some supplies and we'll wait in my car till the machine comes. Er—" he looked around, and Miss Nicholson fluttered up—"this is Molly's companion, Miss Nicholson. She goes with you to the ranch. How—"

Sandy indicated the flivver and introduced Miranda Bailey, who had been directing the stowage of the grips and the proper subordination of the porter, who had not seemed appreciative of the flivver.

Molly held out a gloved hand for the reins of the fretful Blaze. Young Keith advanced with the proffer of a palm for her mounting. She shook her head at him.

"Blaze wouldn't know what you were trying to do, Don," she said. She turned the stirrup, set in her foot, grasped mane and horn and raised herself lightly, holding her body close to the bay's withers for a second as he whirled, then lifting to the saddle, firm-seated, with a laugh for Blaze's plungings.

"I see they didn't unteach you riding back east," said Mormon admiringly. Miss Nicholson clambered into the flivver beside Miranda Bailey. Sam, Mormon and the grips packed the tonneau, and Keith and his son were left standing by the private car.

Keith was soon surrounded with a crowd, making himself popular, flattering them until they finally went away convinced that they had all constituted a first-class reception committee to meet the illustrious, the energetic, good fellow-well-met promoter and engineer of other people's fortunes.

There was not much spoken between Molly and Sandy on the way



There Was Not Much Spoken Between Molly and Sandy on the Way Back to the Ranch.

back to the ranch. She seemed content to breathe in deep the herb-scented air and gaze at the mountains.

Sandy, riding a little to one side, a little back of her, so that he could see her better without appearing to stare, echoed, for the time, her happiness. This was Molly, the girl who had sworn when she told them of her father's death. He could recall the tone of the words at will.

"The d-d road just slid out from under. He didn't have a h—chance!" Molly, who had put arms about his neck and kissed him good-by when she went to school—how long ago that seemed—and said, "Sandy, I don't want to go, but I'll be game."

This was his Molly! The knowledge swept over Sandy and left him tingling. Love came to him, the first, clean white flame of first love, burning like a lamp in the heart of a man. It was for this, he knew, that he had been woman-shy, that he had cherished his own thought of womanhood as something so rare a thought might tarnish it. First love, shorn of boy fallacies, strong, irresistible, protective, passionate.

Game and dainty, tender, true, a girl-woman, partner—what a partner she would make, western-bred—

He checked himself there. She was western born, but what had the trans-planting done? Would she ever now be satisfied with western ways? She would come to him, Sandy knew that. Whatever he asked her she would not refuse. But would that be fair to her? And he did not want her to come to him out of gratitude. He wanted her nature to fuse with his.

It seemed no time since he had taken her from her saddle and carried her, a tired, heart-sore child, in his arms. She must have a fair chance to see if the East, with all it could offer her of amusement and interest, would not outbid the claims of the West. He must wait and watch and hold himself in hand though his love and his knowledge of it thrilled through him, charging him as if with an electric current that strove to close all gaps between him and Molly, struggling ever, in mind and body, to complete the circle.

They got to the ranch ahead of the flivver by a scant margin. Miranda Bailey inducted Molly and her chaperon governess into the quarters she had helped prepare for them, Molly giving little cries of delight at the improvements she saw downstairs. Miranda came down first and joined the partners.

"Molly is certainly sweet," she said. "She's grown into a woman an' she's grown away from the old Molly. Can't say as how she's affected none an' her speech an' manners is sure fine. That gel's natchurally got a grand disposition."

"The Nicholson person—her first name is Clarice—is well-meanin' enough. She ain't shifless, but she ain't what you'd call practical. I reckon she does fine in teachin' Molly some things, but she'd be plumb wasted out west. I'll say she never washed out anything bigger than a hankychief or cooked a thing larger'n an egg. An' she c'dn't boss a sick lizard. But she's easy to git along with, I suppose."

"That Donald is a good-lookin' lad," went on Miranda. "It must take him an awful waste of time to fix his clothes every time he puts 'em on. I don't know how smart he is inside, but he's got some of them movin'-picture heroes beat on appearance."

"I'm wonderin' what Molly thinks about him. As for his father, he's smart enough inside an' out. But he talks too much like a politician to suit me. I'm mighty glad we got cash for our claims. Keith's too slick an' smooth an' smilin' to suit me."

It was a lengthy diatribe from Miranda Bailey, accustomed as they were to hear her state opinions freely. The trio at Three Star had universally come to respect her decisions and also her intuitions, and none of them had felt especially cordial toward Keith as a man, though they considered him good in his profession.

"The writer, Kiplin," said Sandy. "wrote a poem about East an' West, sayin' that never the two 'nd meet. Ef Keith tries to flimflammer Molly out of anything that's comin' to her by rights, why, I reckon that's one time the West an' East is goin' to meet—an' mebbe lap over a bit. So fur, he's put money in our pockets. Here's Molly."

"I'm goin' home," said Miranda, as the girl entered the room. "I've got you started an' I'll run over once in a while to see how Pedro is makin' out."

She said good-by to Molly, who had swiftly changed out of her riding clothes into a gown that looked simple enough to Sandy, though he sensed there were touches about it that differentiated it from anything turned out locally. With the dress she looked more womanly, older, than in the boyish breeches. Miss Nicholson had made some changes also, but she had a chameleon-like faculty of blending with the background that preserved her alike from being criticized or conspicuous. As she shook hands with Miranda the two presented marked contrasts. Miranda was twentieth-century-western, of equal rights and equal enterprise; Miss Nicholson mid-Victorian with no more use for a vote than for one of Sandy's guns. Yet likable.

"I'm going to Daddy's grave," said Molly, when Miranda had flivvered off. "I wish the three of you would come there to me in about ten minutes. Miss Nicholson, everybody's at home here. Please do anything you want to, nothing you don't want to."

At the end of the ten minutes the three men walked together toward the cottonwoods. Grit was lying on the grave, and they saw Molly kneeling by the little railing. They advanced silently over the turf and stood in a group about her with their hats off and their heads bowed. Grit made no move and Molly did not look up for two or three minutes. Then she greeted them with a smile. There were no tear-signs on her face though her eyes were moist.

"I wanted to thank you all," she said, "and to tell you how glad I am to be back. I have met lots of people, of all sorts and kinds, but not one of them who could hold a candle to any of you three kind, true-hearted friends. I wanted to do it here where Daddy is in the place you gave him and made for him under the trees, close to the running water. I was only a girl—a kiddie—when I went away. I think I am a great deal older now, perhaps, than other girls of my age. And I realize all you have done for me. The only thing is, I don't know how to begin to thank you."

She went to Mormon and took hold of both his hands, her head raised, lips curved to kiss him. Mormon stooped and turned his weathered

but Molly kissed him full on the lips. So with Sam, despite the enormous mustache. Then she came to Sandy, taller than the others, his face grave, under control, the eagerness smothered in his eyes, desire checked by reverence for the pure affection of the offered salute. He fancied that her lips trembled for a moment as they rested softly warm, upon his own. But the tremor might have been his own. He knew his heart was pounding against the slight touch of her slenderness that was manifest with womanhood. His arms ached with the restraint he set upon them, in the presence of Mormon and Sam.

"I've brought some things for you," said Molly. "Just presents that I bought in shops. But I wanted to



He Fancied That Her Lips Trembled for a Moment as They Rested Softly Warm Upon His Own.

thank you out here where Daddy lies. She sought their glances, searching to see if they understood, satisfied.

"We're sure glad to git back the Mascot of the Three Star," said Mormon.

"An' the sooner you git through bein' dedicated an' come back to keeps, the better," amended Sam.

Sandy said nothing but smiled at her and Molly smiled back again.

"I think you have been my mascot rather than me yours. I've still got my luck piece," and she pulled out of her neck, suspended by a fine chain of gold, the gold piece with which Sandy had won the stake that had started her east. "Now show me all the improvements. We'll get Kate Nicholson. She's a first-class scout if you ever get her out of the shell she crawled into a long time ago when her folks suddenly lost everything they had. If we had a piano, Sam, she'd play the soul out of your body. Wait until she gets at the harmonium tonight. You and she will have to play duets. Sam, you on the three-decked harmonica I got for you."

"Aw, shucks!" protested Sam. "I'm no musician."

"You are," she said gayly. "You are my Three Wise Men of the West. You are all magicians. You took me out of the desert, you have made life beautiful for me. Don't dispel the illusion, Soda-Water Sam. I'd rather hear you play 'El Capitan' than listen to the Philharmonic orchestra." "Whatever that is," answered Sam.

CHAPTER XVII

Westlake Brings News.

In the week that followed, the partners of the Three Star managed to find many hours for holiday-making. The ranch ran well on its own routine, and Molly was a princess to be entertained. Kate Nicholson emerged from her chrysalis and became almost a butterfly rather than the pale gray moth they had fancied her. Even Miranda revised her opinion. The Nicholsons, it came out, had been a family of some consequence, and a fair degree of riches in South Carolina before an unfortunate speculation had taken everything.

Kate Nicholson, left alone soon afterward, had assumed the role of governess or companion with more or less success and drifted on, submerged in the families who had used her services, until Keith had secured her for the post with Molly when things had seemed particularly black. Now, riding with Molly, with Sam and Sandy for escorts, over the open range or up into the canyons, on picnics, the years slid off from her. She laughed understandingly and talked spontaneously. Evenings, when they would return to the disconsolate Mormon, who bewailed openly his lack of saddle ease, they found, two nights out of three, Miranda Bailey, self-charioted in her flivver with offerings of cake and doughnuts to supplement Pedro's still uncertain efforts.

Molly chuckled once to Sandy. "Miranda's a dear," she said. "I wish she'd marry Mormon. But Kate Nicholson is a far better cook than she is. Only she won't do anything for fear of hurting Miranda's feelings."

Yet the governess did cook on occasion, trout that they caught in the mountain streams, and camp biscuits and fragrant coffee when they made excursions, so deft a presiding genius of the camp-fire that Sam declared she belonged to Sageland.

"I love it," she answered, sleeves tucked to the elbow, stooping over the fire, her face full of color, tucking a vagrant wisp of hair into place.

Sam had stopped playing, Kate

Nicholson was weaving chords in music unknown to those who listened, save that it seemed to speak some common language that had been forgotten since childhood. The fire shifted, there was silence in the big room. Mormon sat shading his face, Miranda Bailey beside him, her knitting idle. Sam lounged in a shady corner near the harmonium. Grit lay asleep. It was infinitely peaceful.

There was the sound of a motor outside, the honk of a horn. The door opened and a man came in, gazing uncertainly about him in the half-light—Westlake.

"This is the Three Star, isn't it?" he asked, evidently puzzled at the group.

Sandy lit the big lamp as they all rose, Grit nosing the engineer, accepting him.

"Sure is," he said. "You know Miss Bailey, Westlake? Miss Keith an' Miss Nicholson, Mr. Westlake. They both know something about you. Come to stay, I hope."

His voice was cordial as he gripped Westlake's hand, though the remembrance of what Sam had said at the mining camp leaped up within him. Westlake and Molly! Here was a man who might mate with her, might suit her wonderfully well. Upstanding, educated, no lightweight pleasure-seeker, as he estimated Ronald Keith. Here was a complication in his dreams of happiness that he had lost sight of.

"If you can put up with me, for a bit," said Westlake. "I've come partly on business, Bourke. I've left Casey Town. I came over with a machine from the garage at Hereford. I'll get my things and send him back."

Sandy went outside with him and helped him with his grips. The machine started.

"Quit Keith?" asked Sandy.

"Yes; we had a misunderstanding. About my staying here, Bourke. It may be a bit awkward. Young Donald Keith intends coming over. I am sure he doesn't know a thing about his father's business affairs. But I have a strong hunch that Keith himself will be along later to offset any talk he thinks I may have with you. He'll figure I've come here. He doesn't know all that I have found out, at that. If it's likely to embarrass you or your guests in the least I'll go on to Denver tomorrow. I'm headed that way. I've got a South American proposition in view. Wired them yesterday and may hear at any minute."

"Shucks!" said Sandy. "You're my friend. Young Keith don't interest me, save as Molly wants to entertain him. I'm under no obligations to Keith himself. You're my guest an' we'll keep you as long as we can hold you in the corral."

"I had no idea Miss Casey would be like—that she is," said Westlake, as Miranda Bailey, Mormon in attendance, came out of the house.

"Time for me to be trillin' back," said the spinster. "Moon's risin'. Good night, Mr. Westlake. See you ag'in before you go, I hope."

She climbed into the machine, which Mormon cranked. It moved off, Mormon watching it. Then Sam came out and joined them.

"Gels gone to bed," he announced. "What's Keith doin' up to Casey Town, Westlake?"

"It won't take long to tell you." The four walked over to the corral and the three partners climbed on the top rail, ranch-fashion. Westlake stood before them.

"Practically all the gold found in Casey Town comes from the main gulch where the creek runs. The gulch was once non-existent. It is likely there was a hill there. Its nub was a porphyry cap; the rest of it was composed of layers of porphyry and valueless rock dipping downward, nested like saucers in the synclinal layers. Ice and water wore off the nub and leveled the hill, then gouged out the gulch. They ground away, in my belief, all the porphyry that held gold, except the portions now lying either side of the gulch."

"It was the top layers that held the richest ore. Of those that are left only one carries it and that is the reef that outcrops here and there both sides of the gulch. This isn't theory. All strikes have been made in this top layer. Where they have sunk through to a lower porphyry stratum they have found only indications where they found anything at all. But the strikes were rich because sylvanite is one of the richest of all gold ores. Some of the strikes have been on the Keith Group properties. They have boosted the stock of all of them."

"I have been developing these group projects. The value of group promotion, to the promoter, is, that as long as one claim shows promise, the shares keep selling. The public loves to gamble. Keith came back this trip and proposed to purchase a lot of claims that are nothing but plain rock, surface dirt and sage-brush. He can buy them for almost nothing. But he does not propose to sell them for that. He was going to start another group. He ordered me to make the preliminary surveys."

"He knew one would have as much chance digging in a New York back yard. I told him so. He has his own expert, and, if he didn't tell him so too, he's a crook."

"Keith said he understood his business and suggested I should attend strictly to mine. I was hot. I suggested that wildcat development was not my business. He called me a quixotic young fool, among other things, and I may have called him a robber. I'm not sure. Anyway, I quit."

"I'm comparatively a kid. But I know what is going on generally in

Casey Town. There have been no more strikes, for one thing; the discoveries have all been in the one layer and they are gradually working out. Keith would rather develop a good property than a bad one. He carries his investing clients from one proposition to another. He never has to risk his own money and he has been lucky. He has made money—lots of it. Now, then, why does he start wildcatting? I believe he's been stung somewhere. I know he's been fooling with oil stocks. His mail's full of it. And I believe he's been bitten by the other fellow's game instead of sticking to his own."

"It's been done before." "But that isn't all." Westlake brought down his right fist into the palm of his left hand for emphasis. "Yesterday they closed up the stopes in the Molly. Boarded 'em over. This was done without consulting me. I heard of it after I had walked out of Keith's office, resigned, or fired."

"Now, then—there's no gold left back of the boarding in those stopes—practically none! The Molly is played out, picked like a walnut of its meat! If they do develop down to the second porphyry level they won't find anything to pay for the work. They



They Have Taken All the Sylvanite Out of Your Mine and Keith Is Trying to Cover Up the Fact.

have taken all the sylvanite out of your mine and Keith is trying to cover up the fact."

Westlake stopped and eyed them. Sandy's eyes closed slightly.

"Keith can't help the mine peterin' out," he said. "Just why is he hidin' it? So's he can unload?"

"Plain enough. Now the Molly mine stock isn't on the market. It is all owned, as I understand, by Miss Casey and you three holding the controlling interest. Keith the rest. It's been paying dividends from the start. Keith will try to unload. He may try to sell it to you."

"Not likely. He doesn't expect us to have the money. We haven't. I take it he can't dump 'em in a hurry. That's why he's boardin' the stopes. If he don't trail over here in a day or so I'll shack over to Casey Town for a lil' chat. Much obliged to you, Westlake."

Westlake nodded. He understood that quiet drawl of Sandy's. If the lil' chat came off, Keith would not enjoy himself, he fancied.

"The question is what move to make an' when to make it. If Molly is one thing she is game. We've got a good deal out of the mine an' it's all come so far from the sale of gold to the mint, I take it. We don't dabble in stocks. We're ahead. If the mine's gone bust she's done nicely by us, at that."

Back of Sandy's talk thoughts formed in his brain that held a good deal of comfort. Molly was no longer an heiress, if Westlake's news was true. Molly would not have to go back east. Her relations with the Keiths would be broken.

"I figger you're right about Keith trailin' over here to see if you've showed," Sandy went on. "That's the way I'd play him. As you say, he's got to git rid of his shares quietly an' he can't do it in a rush. I don't want to tell Molly she's busted until we're plumb certain. An' Keith's got money of hers. If he don't show inside of a couple of days I'll take a passer over to Casey Town an' have a lil' chat with him."

"Young Keith sabs his father's play?" asked Sandy.

"No." Westlake spoke decidedly. "He's not interested in mining. He's on the trip because his father holds the purse strings. He's a good deal of a cub, at present. I mean he don't show much inclination to use his brains. He's a likable kid in many ways, but he's just a kid."

"Twouldn't be fair to hold anything ag'in him, 'count of his breedin'," said Sandy. "but cots that ain't bred right bear watchin'. Now tell us some about that South American berth of yours, Westlake."

Westlake rather marveled at the ease with which Sandy and his chums dismissed a matter that meant a material loss of money to them, but he had seen the light in Sandy's eye and he knew his capacity for action when the moment arrived. The four sat up late, talking of mining in various ways and places.

"This Westlake hembrell go a long ways," summed up Sam to Sandy after Westlake had turned in and Mormon had yawned himself off to bed. "He sure knows a heap, he don't brag, he's

on the square, an' he ain't afraid of work."

That Westlake won approval from Molly, and also from Kate Nicholson, was patent before breakfast was over the next morning. A buyer came out from Hereford demanding Sandy's attention and he stayed at the ranch while the three and Sam went off saddleback. Westlake had expressed a desire to see the ranch and Molly had volunteered to display her own renewed knowledge of it. The buyer looked at the Three Star stock with expert eyes and made bids that were highly satisfactory.

"Better beef, better prices, that's the modern slogan," he said at the noon meal with Sandy and Mormon. "I see you believe in it. I heard some talk in Hereford this morning of trouble at one ranch not far from here. A horse ranch run by a man named Pimmsoll. Waterline ranch, I think they call it. I have a commission from a man in Chicago to look up some horses for him and I had heard of Pimmsoll before, not over-favorably. I understand he is not fussy over brands."

"He's got a big herd," said Sandy noncommittally. "Claims to round up slick-eared wild hawsees. What was the trouble?"

"News to me," said Sandy. "He was not especially interested in Waterline happenings so long as Pimmsoll remained set. The buyer left and the rest of the day went slowly."

When the quartet returned, Molly and Westlake were obviously more than mere acquaintances. Sandy felt out of the running, though Molly held him in the conversation.

Miranda Bailey, driving over, created a welcome diversion.

"I've brought a telegram out for you, Mr. Westlake," she said.

The engineer read it and passed it to Molly. Sandy saw her face glow.

"That's fine!" she exclaimed. "But it means you've got to go. I'm sorry for that."

The relief that Sandy felt, and dismissed as selfish, was marred by the cordial understanding that had sprung up between the two. He wondered if they had discovered a real attachment for each other.

"I'll have to go first thing tomorrow," said Westlake. "I'm sorry, too. You've come up to my counter-offer, Bourke, and they want me to come on immediately. It means a lot to me. Everything," he added, with a smile that Molly returned.

"You'll write?" she said. "You promised."

Miranda broke in. "I'm sure glad it's good news," she said. "I've got some of my own. There's been trouble out to Jim Pimmsoll's. He shot at Wyatt or Wyatt at him, I don't know which rightly. But there was sides taken an' a general rumpus. Several of his men quit or was run off the place. Pimmsoll's aimin' to sell out, Ed heard. It'll be a good ridance."

"I'll have a telegram for you to take back, Mirandy," said Sandy. "You sendin' one, Westlake?"

"If you'll take it, Miss Bailey."

"Glad to."

Westlake and Molly were both standing. They moved toward the door and out to the moonlit veranda together.

"They seem to hit it off well, that pair," said Miranda.

Kate Nicholson murmured something about the kitchen and left the room to attend to some refreshments. "Now tell me about Keith," demanded Miranda. "What's he been up to?"

Sandy told her.

"I ain't a mite surprised. That Westlake acts white. I liked him from the start. What are you goin' to do about Molly? You ain't told her yet?"

"No use spollin' her holiday befo' we have to," said Sandy. "I'm goin' to talk with Keith first."

Kate Nicholson returned, and the talk changed. Westlake and Molly remained outside until the food was served. Then there was music. Miranda departed at last with the telegrams. Molly lingered as good-nights were said.

"I've got something to tell you, Sandy," she said. "It's private, for the present," she added with a glance toward Westlake.

Sandy sat down by the fire with a sinking qualm. Molly perched herself on the arm of his chair, silent for a moment or two.

"It's a love story, Sandy," she said presently.

"Westlake?"

"Yes. He wanted me to tell you before he went. He's very fond of you, Sandy."

"Is he?" Sandy spoke slowly, romping himself with an effort. "I think he's a fine chap. I sure wish him all the luck in the world." He fancied his voice sounded flat.

"I suppose you wondered why we were so chummy all the evening?"

"Yes. I wondered a lil' about that."

Sandy did not look at her, but gazed into the dying fire. He saw himself sitting there, lonely, woman-shy once more, through the long stretch of years, with a letter coming once in a while from far-off places telling of a happiness that he had hoped for and yet had known could not be for him; Sandy Bourke, cow-puncher, two-gun man, rancher, growing old.

"I was the first girl he had seen for a long while, you see," Molly was saying. "And he had to talk it over with someone. I's told me about it first

(To be continued)

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Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR JULY 8

MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS

LESSON TEXT—Luke 1:26-38, 36-38, 41-20, 41-52, John 19:25-27.
GOLDEN TEXT—"Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall save His people from their sins."—Matt. 1:21.
REFERENCE MATERIAL—Matt. 1:18-23; John 1:11; John 19:25-27.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Mary and the Baby Jesus.
JUNIOR TOPIC—Mary and the Boy Jesus.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Notable Incidents in the Life of Mary.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Mary, the Mother of Jesus.

I. Mary at Nazareth (Luke 1:26-38, 46-56).
Mary was a Jewish maid of the town of Nazareth. The first information we have of her is that she was engaged to be married to Joseph, a carpenter of the same village. It seems that the custom among the Jews was for betrothal to take place a year before marriage. During this interval the woman remained with her parents.

Gabriel Sent from God to Mary (vv. 26-38). It was during this interval of betrothal before Joseph and Mary were married that God sent the angel Gabriel to announce unto Mary that she was to be the mother of Jesus. Isaiah, more than 700 years before, prophesied that a virgin should give birth to a son whose name should be called Immanuel (Isa. 7:14). Though at first perplexed, she accepted the announcement with remarkable courage and devotion. To be told that she was to be a mother was nothing startling, for this was the normal desire of every married Jewish woman. Under the circumstances she accepted motherhood at a tremendous cost. She was conscious of her virgin purity. She knew that to become a mother under such circumstances would expose her to unalterable suspicion and shame. This was the view that certain Jews took of the matter, for they insinuated to Jesus that He was born of fornication (John 8:41). Her faith was such that she responded with noble courage. She said, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word" (Luke 1:38).

II. Her Wonderful Song (vv. 46-56). In her embarrassment she set out on a visit to an elderly kinswoman named Elizabeth. Having sought the sympathy and encouragement of this friend, her triumphant faith carried her beyond the misunderstanding, the scorn and shame which awaited her, and caused her soul to burst out in this most wonderful song of praise.

III. Mary at Bethlehem (Luke 2:1-20). What Gabriel announced to Mary was now being fulfilled. Caesar's decree concerning taxation brought Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem at the opportune time for the fulfillment of Micah 5:2. Because of the crowded condition of the inn, the birth of the world's Saviour took place in a cave-stable.

IV. Mary in Jerusalem and Galilee (Luke 2:41-52). Jesus, now at the age of twelve, was a child of the law, for at this age the child took his responsibility as a worshiper.

1. Failure in Vigilant Care (v. 45). They had left the city and gone a whole day's journey without knowing where the child was.

2. Failure to Understand Fully Jesus' Action and Words (v. 50). No particular censure should attach to this, as it is beyond our ability even now to understand all these things.

3. Failure to Properly Sympathize with Jesus' Deepest Longings and Emotions. "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

4. Failure to Perceive Her Limit of Masterfulness. The time comes when duty to God takes precedence over duty to parents. All these limitations should be viewed with the background of her deep devotion to God. Her whole life was lived in a spiritual atmosphere. She was just the kind of woman to whom God would trust the upbringing of His Son. Jesus went back with them to Nazareth and was subject unto them.

IV. Mary at the Cross (John 19:25-27).

This was a great trial. For any mother to see her son die is a trial, but what must it have been for this mother in the face of all the sacred memories that clung to her son? It is beautiful to note the tender care which Jesus in His dying hour manifested for His mother. He committed her to the care of John. John accepted the responsibility of a son and took her to his home.

Our Mistakes.
There are few, very few, that will own themselves in a mistake, though all the world see them to be in down right nonsense.—Swift.

No Such Thing as Luck.
There is no such thing as luck. It's a fancy name for being always at our duty, and so sure to be ready when the good time comes.

The Student.

Trust in the Lord and do good; so shall thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.—Ps. 37:3.

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LESSON FOR JULY 15

SIMON PETER

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 16:13-18; John 21:15-17.
GOLDEN TEXT—"Lord, Thou knowest all things. Thou knowest that I love Thee."—John 21:17.
REFERENCE MATERIAL—John 1:35-42; John 18:10-11; 20:1-10; 21:1-23; Acts 2:1-5.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Peter, the Helper of Jesus.
JUNIOR TOPIC—The Leader of the Twelve.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Peter's Failures and Successes.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Peter's Weaknesses and Strengths.

I. His Name. (John 1:42).
The name which he bore when introduced to Christ was Simon, which means "hearing." But Jesus gave him a new name—"Peter," which means "rock." This showed what he was to become.

II. His Call. (John 1:41, 42).
His brother Andrew brought him to Christ. This brought him into fellowship with the Lord. From ordinary discipleship he was called to special ministry. (Luke 5:10). From being a fisherman he was called to catch men.

III. Peter's Character.

1. Sincere. What Peter was at heart could be read on his face. He was free from duplicity. People could understand him. Because of this characteristic they could tell when he was lying. Yet even when people knew he was in error they could be true to him. He seems to have been ignorant of the word "diplomacy."

2. Prompt. He had the ability to decide and act quickly, as the occasion demanded. This made him a real leader. His action at the empty tomb was an example of his promptitude. John outran Peter, but Peter was the first to enter the tomb. When Cornelius sent for him at Joppa he responded without delay.

3. Courageous. While Peter played the coward sometimes, he was for the most part a brave man. No doubt it was through cowardice that he denied the Lord, but it was his courage that brought him to follow the Lord into the palace of the high priest.

4. Intense. He felt keenly and acted with vigor. Whether right or wrong, what he did he did with all his might. When he preached it was with passion. No finer example of burning eloquence can be found than his Pentecost sermon.

IV. Peter's Confession of Christ (Matt. 16:13-18, 21-23).

The disciples had been with the Lord for several years. They had heard His mighty words and seen His mighty works. Various opinions were extant about Him. It was now necessary for them to have a definite conception of Him. The Master-Teacher knew the necessity of having the disciples get the right conception of Himself.

1. What It Was (v. 16). It involved His Messiahship—"The Christ," and deity—"Son of the living God." This is the burning question today. Those who have the right conception of Christ's person and mission have no trouble in the realms of science, philosophy or ethics.

2. Christ's Commendation (v. 17). He pronounced him blessed. Truly he was blessed, for he both possessed and confessed the Christ. The evidence that Peter was blessed was that he was in spiritual touch with the Father in Heaven.

3. Peter's Blessing (v. 18). Christ declared that he should be the foundation stone in His church. Christ is the chief cornerstone on which the church is built. Christ's person and Messiahship was confessed by Peter, and on this rock is laid the foundation of apostles and prophets (Eph. 2:20). All believers are living stones of this house (1 Peter 2:5).

V. Peter's Restoration (John 21:15-17).

Peter grievously sinned in denying the Lord, but he made a confession, shedding bitter tears of penitence over his sin and folly. The Lord tenderly dealt with His erring disciple and restored him. In this restoration He brought to Peter's mind the essential qualification for his ministry. Love is the pre-eminent gift for Christ's service. To impress this upon him, he three times asked the question, "Lovest thou me?" Three classes of people were to be served: (1) Those beginning the Christian life—"Feed my lambs." (2) The mature Christians—"Shepherd my sheep." The shepherd needs to protect and feed the sheep. Love is the one essential equipment for this service. (3) The aged Christians—"Feed my sheep." Love is needed in dealing with the fathers and mothers in Israel.

Injuries.
Rather wink at small injuries than to be too forward to avenge them. He that to destroy a single bee should throw down the hive, instead of one enemy, would make a thousand.

Trust in the Lord.
Trust in the Lord and do good; so shall thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.—Ps. 37:3.

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HAY SHORTAGE AHEAD.

Tate county farmers should bend every energy this summer to saving every available pound of hay. Reports from all over the country indicate the smallest carry over of hay in years and a further reduction in this year's crop. This means a rising market for hay. With our natural advantages it is ridiculous that a pound of hay is ever shipped into the country. Instead we should export a quarter of a million dollars worth of hay every year. Especially should our dairy farmers endeavor to save all the hay they can and in addition should plant a liberal acreage of feed crops such as field peas, velvet beans, mung beans, etc. In the fall hairy vetch and kale sowed broadcast in the cotton and corn fields will furnish a wonderful amount of succulent green feeds for both hogs and milk stock. Right at present, however, every farmer should be making his plans to save hay.—Senatobia Democrat.

Buddy Bridge Pads at The Sentinel office.

W. K. HUFFINGTON

NOTARY PUBLIC

Office: Grenada Trust & Banking Co.

Grenada, Mississippi



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This Great Mosquito Remedy Now Used in 27 Countries. Sold by Local Druggists.

The absolute efficiency of Sweet Dreams as a mosquito remedy has resulted in its becoming quickly recognized everywhere. Sweet Dreams is now being used in 27

tropical countries, and, to bring the story closer home, it is being used with success there just as it is here. As everyone knows, Sweet Dreams is a double strength remedy. This fact explains the wonderful results obtained. If mosquitoes are troublesome, try Sweet Dreams—the remedy of proven efficiency. Liberal Red-top bottles, 35c or 3 bottles for \$1.00. Sold by every druggist—everywhere.

A Clean, Clear-Cut Analysis of the Salary Paid the State Revenue Agent

For the fiscal years, 1916 to 1921 inclusive, making a total of six years, the present Revenue Agent has collected commissions amounting to a general yearly average of \$57,561.32, and a total for the same period of \$345,367.95.

Should the present Revenue Agent be elected for another term of four years, he will have served at the expiration of such time, a period of twelve years, or three terms, and if his commissions maintain the general average established for the first six years of his incumbency, he will have received at the close of said third term, \$490,735.91.

According to a campaign circular the present Revenue Agent has addressed, "To the people of Mississippi," the commissions he has received, based on the collections named in said circular, for the years 1919, 1920 and 1921 respectively, will amount to the following sums: For 1919, \$39,144.88; for 1920, \$71,300.05; for 1921, \$75,212.69; making a total in three years of \$285,657.62.

It will be noted from these figures the commissions of the State Revenue Agent are increasing yearly, by leaps and bounds.

It will be observed further, that should the commission collections remain at \$75,212.69, as based upon the reported collections for the year 1921, the total commissions that will be paid the State Revenue Agent for the remainder of his present term of office and the succeeding term of office, should he be elected, will amount to \$451,282.14. Now add this amount to the sum already received for the six years past, namely, \$345,367.95, and it will make a grand total of \$796,649.09.

The bill endorsed by Mr. W. J. Miller, the leading candidate for State Revenue Agent, and recommended by him for favorable consideration to the next Legislature, is in substance as follows:

"Out of the 20 per cent commission allowed by law to the Revenue Agent, he shall pay all the expenses of his office and attorney's fees and retain the sum of \$5,000.00 per annum for his salary and the balance of such commission he shall pay into the State Treasury, and make detailed itemized report to each session of the Legislature as to the said account."

Under the operation of such a law it can be readily seen that the present Revenue Agent for the fiscal years 1916 to 1921, inclusive, instead of receiving \$345,367.95 for his services would have received \$30,000.00 and turned into the public treasuries \$315,367.95, less whatever operating cost he had incurred.

It is also apparent that the present Revenue Agent, instead of receiving for twelve years' service, in the event he is elected for the third term, the probable sum of \$796,649.09 for his services for a period of three terms, he would receive, under the operation of the above proposed law, only \$60,000.00, and there would be a balance of \$736,649.09 to be turned back to the proper treasuries, less the cost of operating his department.

What manner of man is this—our State Revenue Agent—that he should be so stuffed and surfeited with the Public Spoils mulcted from Taxpayers' stripes, inflicted after the manner of a Whipping Boss wielding the inexorable lash of an inflexible authority? Upon what meat doth this—our Revenue Agent—feed, that he doth bestride the narrow world like a colossus, while we petty creatures do creep about his huge legs to find ourselves dishonorable graves?

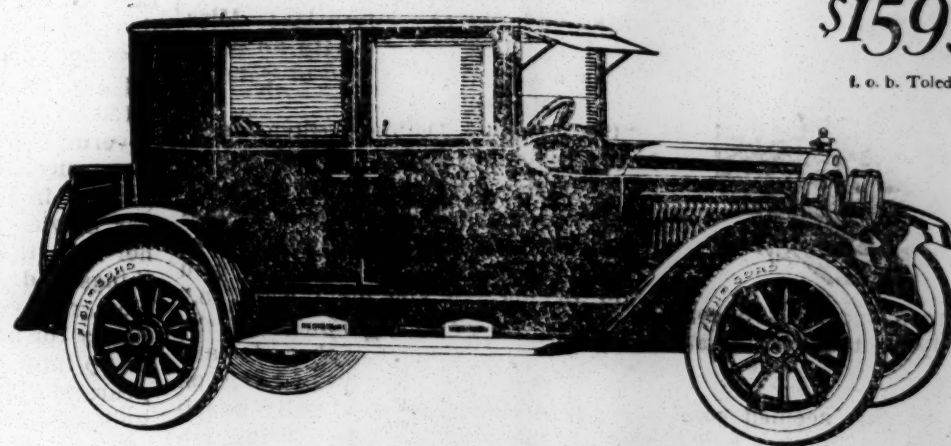
The insolence of it all is nothing less than revolting. That any man should seriously contend for the payment of such fabulous sums of money to any officer for a merely clerical service, offends and outrages every sentiment of public decency and propriety and ruthlessly repudiates every principle of public economy.

A vote for W. J. Miller for State Revenue Agent will be a vote to correct this astounding evil, and gross injustice to the Taxpayers of Mississippi.

W. J. MILLER CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE

WILLYS-KNIGHT Coupe-Sedan

\$1595
L. C. B. Toledo



A Meteoric Success

The Willys-Knight Coupe-Sedan has leaped to a popularity previously unknown among fine closed cars.

For it is living proof that complete equipment and luxurious appointments can be combined with faultless mechanical performance at a very reasonable price.

Having doors both front and rear, the Willys-Knight Coupe-Sedan provides easy entrance and exit for all five passengers without climbing over seats.

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The Engine improves with use



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As Goodyear Service Station Dealers we sell and recommend the new Goodyear Cords with the beveled All-Weather Tread and back them up with standard Goodyear Service

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GOOD YEAR



He will eat twice as many muffins if they're baked with Valier's Dainty Flour. Dainty is the creamy-white centers from the pick of the soft winter wheat slowly milled to retain its natural goodness. Its high quality never varies.

Order from your grocer today

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Leonardi's Blood Elixir Will Make You Well or Cost Nothing

Rich blood, new vigor, strong nerves and robust vitality gained by taking Leonardi's Blood Elixir.

If you lack energy, vitality, feel weak, run-down and lifeless, nervous and no appetite, take Leonardi's Blood Elixir at once. Its power to cure is marvelous in all cases of weakness and general run-down condition. The first few doses put new life and vitality in the blood and give strength and vigor to the nerves. Leonardi's Blood Elixir drives out all malarial germs and makes pure, rich, red blood. It increases the blood supply and gives the digestive organs strength to take care of the food that is eaten. It regulates the liver and kidneys.

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